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Lux for everything you wash yourself

Use Lux for everything you wash yourself. It is just as easy as washing your hands. The filmy Lux diamonds are made to melt instantly into a rich foam of almost magic cleansing power, which yet is gentle to the frailest fabrics.

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3 Dip and redip in this pure rich lather

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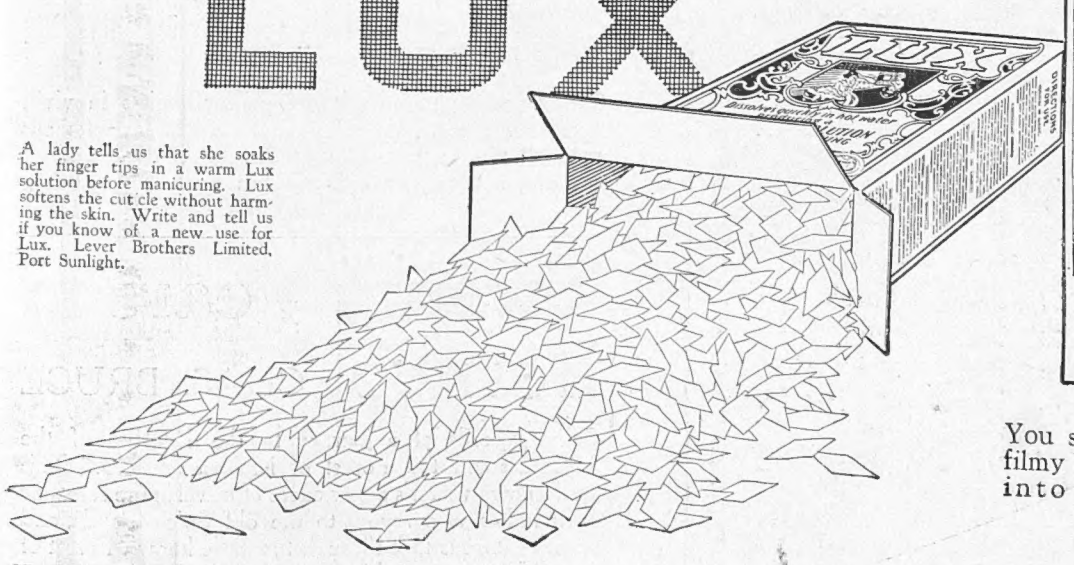

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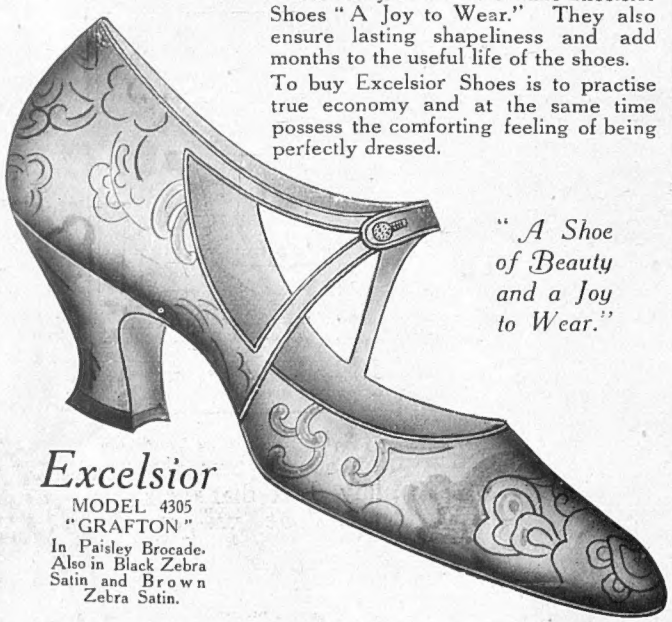

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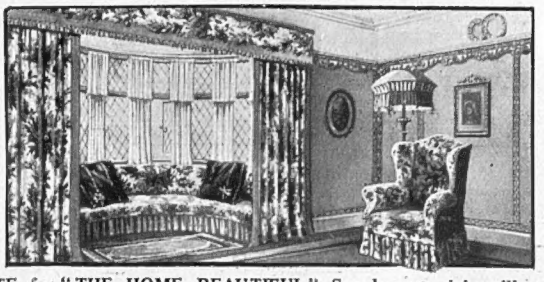

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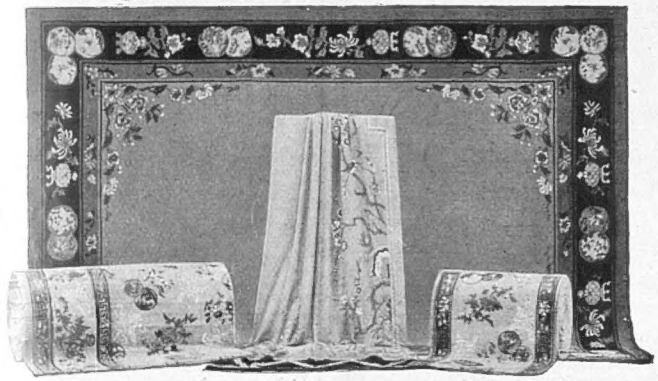

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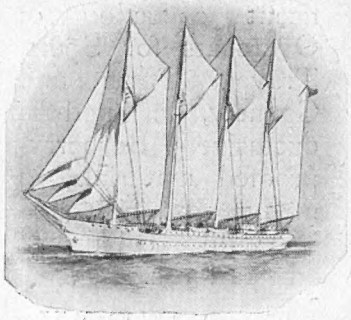

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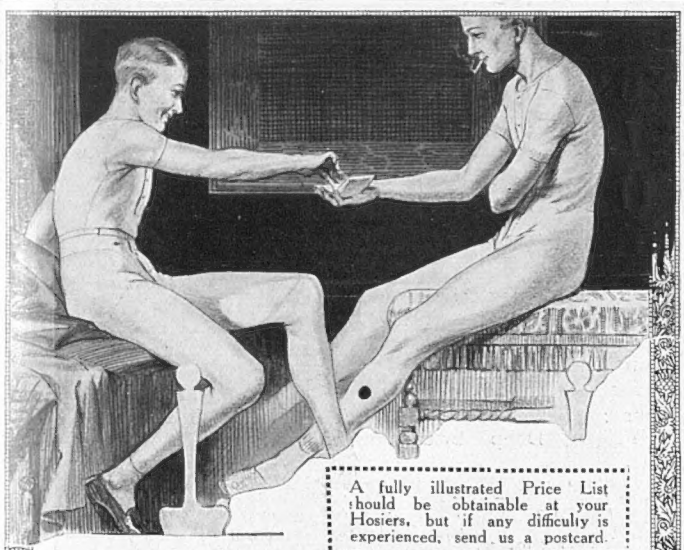

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1st ,, 306, Regent Street, right opposite the Polytechnic."

2nd ,, "What did you say, partner? No trumps!"

3rd ,, "Two hearts."

4th ,, "Two no trumps.'

1st ,, "Double."

5th ,, "I shall go to-morrow to"—

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The Bystander, October 29, 1924 No. 1091. Vol. LXXXIV.

The BYSTANDER

Bertram Park

MISS MARJORIE DU PRE

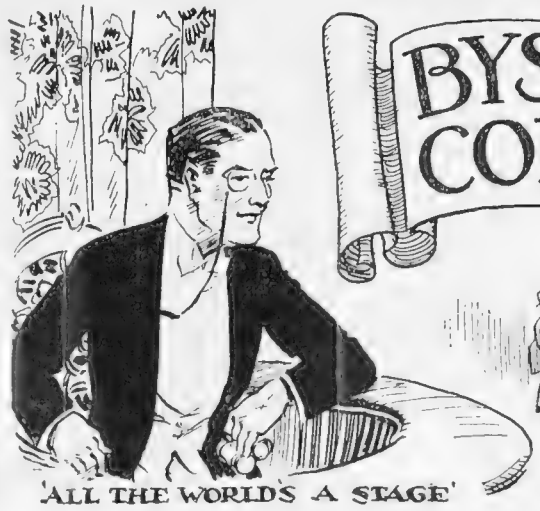
The eldest daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. William Baring Du Pre, of Wilton Park, Beaconsfield, Bucks, who was presented at Court this year

"That Elekschen Feeling"

BY E. T. REED

Some Election "Returns" from the Vale of Epithets

BYSTANDER COMMENTS


'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE'

THE LAST BABY HAS BEEN KISSED

To the Poll

THE last rousing speech has been spoken, the last trenchant article has been penned, the last slashing rejoinder has been made, the last heckler has been silenced, and the last baby has been kissed, and all the smiling, rosetted gentlemen who have been dashing madly round the country, nailing colours to masts (and lies to counters) must await their trial at the hands of those stern judges—you and me, and, of course, the forty-odd million others.

"We Like the Look of You!"

THE tumult (so to speak) and the shouting dies, the political captains and the kings depart, but, when all is said and done, there stands out from the ruck, quiet and capable, the fine personality of Stanley Baldwin, a soul "blade-straight and steel-true," a man English to the core. I picture him most readily in an old cartoon, which should have been on the hoardings to-day, as a sturdy, square-shouldered, square-jawed figure in oil-skins, straddling a pitching deck and gripping a kicking wheel, the Bystander's comment being: "We like the look of you!" Well, so we do.

This England

WE like him (I take it) because he sets his faith in those bonds of friendship between man and man that are rooted in the soil of England and in the hearts of Englishmen. The long-haired, hoarse-voiced orator (standing on a soap-box, but never using one) bellows about class-war and class-consciousness. He doesn't know England. He can never have seen an Englishman. There is a common love of the England of leafy lanes, of winding white roads, of gabled cottages and quiet wayside inns, that has grown and established itself where Englishmen played cricket together on our village greens. Are mutterings from Moscow going to uproot that? Not in a million years. Not muchski!

'BELLOWS ABOUT CLASS WAR'

November's Complaint

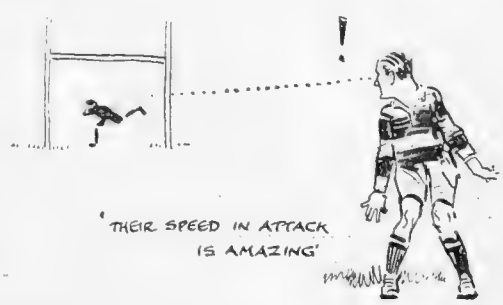
BUT two short days, and November will be upon us. The question before the House is: Will she be as cold as the November we had last May or as wet as the November we had last August? Probably neither. She may even pull herself together and smile a little, even if it is only to spite the other months, who, all this year, have been borrowing her most cherished attributes. "A nice thing, indeed!" I think I can hear November complaining, "A very nice thing, I must say! Is my name November, or is it not? What am I here for? Who gave September permission to be foggy? Who told July she might drizzle all day? I've a good mind to give 'em a real scorching ninety-in-the-shade week or two! That'll show 'em!"

'A LUSTILY-HIT CENTURY

Summer Down Under

AS we wander down the village street in squelching gumboots, do we pause and give a passing thought to those gallant lads, who, beneath a sweltering sky, far from home and motherland, are battling for England's honour against the hereditary foes? No, I do not mean the Iraq army of occupation. I refer to Arthur Gilligan's happy band of brothers, whose tour in

THE VILLAGE BOYS WHO RESPECTED MY APPLES

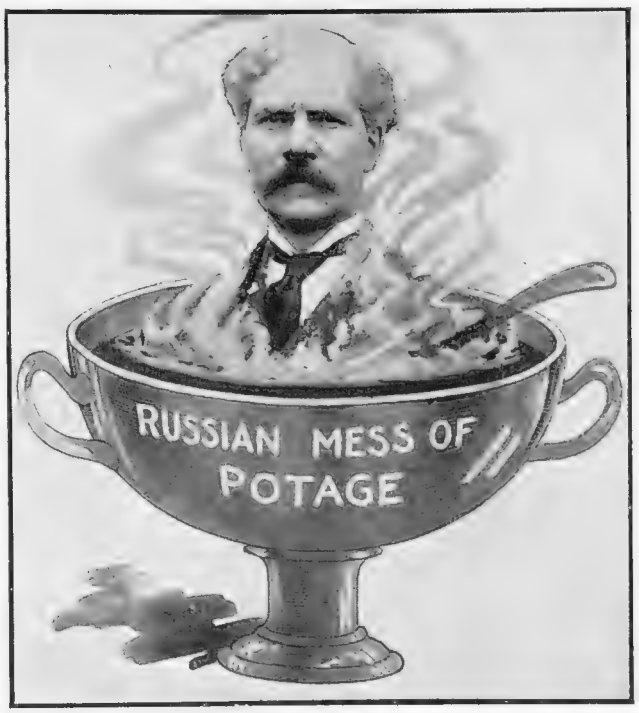

'THEIR SPEED IN ATTACK IS AMAZING'

'OH! THE SQUIBS AND THE JUMPING CRACKERS'

quest of The Ashes began so auspiciously at Perth last week.

When, Indeed

THINK of Hobbs and Sutcliffe pounding up and down the wicket with glorious sunshine streaming down upon their devoted heads! I had great difficulty in explaining to my very young nephew how it was that the Australian cricket season begins in November. "I thought you only played cricket in summer." "So you do," I replied, "but, owing to the rotation of the . . . I mean, owing to the southern hemisphere being . . . that is to say, owing to—ah—geographical reasons, the Australians begin their summer in November." The lad's father looked up from his paper. "Oh," he growled; "and will someone tell me when we begin ours?" The answer was returned, as the Parliamentary reporters say.



IN THE SOUP AGAIN!

Blowing Things Up

THE Fifth of November Guy Fawkes we remember. Or do we not? Only just, I'm afraid. Bonfire-nights (said he, stroking his silvery beard with an aged, trembling hand) are not what they were in my young days. You may reply, as *Punch* did, that they never were. Oh, yes, they were. Oh, the squibs and the jumping crackers in letter boxes! Oh, the bonfires on the green! Oh, the straw-stuffed "guys"—Kruger and Lloyd George, if I remember rightly—that we used to carry round! Those days are gone. And yet Guy Fawkes was a pleasant fellow, whose only fault—if it was a fault—was a *penchant* for blowing up public buildings.

A Yearly Celebration

IN my opinion there are some public buildings which ought to be blown up, which are so revolting to the æsthetic sense, so repellent, so—(The EDITOR: Stop! I will not hear another word against the Albert Memorial.) My idea is that to celebrate the charmingly picturesque old figure of Guy Fawkes with his cloak and lantern, we ought, every fifth of November, to blow up some leading eyesore in his honour. We could start with . . . but no, the fun would be in choosing our own. And wouldn't London be improved!

Are Walnuts Immoral?

THIS is not the silly season—far from it—but I am impelled to ask a question which may seem equal in intelligence and point to "Should goldfish wear goloshes?" or "Do cockroaches think?" In my garden is an old walnut tree, which has borne plentifully this year. The nuts, though plentiful, are of poor quality and difficult to reach. How is it that the village boys who respected my apples, pears, and plums with an honesty that was almost touching, cannot resist my walnuts. They come over the wall in dozens. They hurl sticks and stones at my tree. The lure of walnuts is so intense that the village boy simply cannot resist it. What is there, then about a walnut that destroys a boy's sense of property and good conduct? Is it because they are connected with wine and (by implication) with song? I give it up. . . . The gardener's grandson has just brought down the last one with a clothes-prop.

A Question of Time

WHILE you and I blithely dance to whatever time the band chooses to give us, the dancing experts are seriously perturbed about the future of that fine old Tory, the English fox-trot. Last week at a dinner of the Dancers' Circle, a social gathering promoted by the *Dancing Times*, the question of time (or rather of *tempo*) was debated in deadly earnest. It appears that those naughty American bands are playing fox-trots much too fast in some of our ballrooms much favoured by foreign bodies, and the result is that the slower and more sedate English fox-trot is in danger of an early decease.

The Birth of a New Dance

SOMEONE thereupon suggested that the slow trot was better for tall people, and the quick one was all that the little folk could desire—I suppose on the principle of the Guards March and the Rifle Brigade step. Another pleaded for the awful fate that awaited older dancers with hardening arteries if bands became too fast. A third—who came from across the Border, suggested that there was only one correct rate to play fox-trots, the commercial rate. A gentleman from Nottingham had only just heard that there *were* two times for a fox-trot and wondered what the fuss was about; while yet another interrupted the proceedings several times to say that "a smali party had coom oop from Lancashire" to ask for Protection for dance-teachers— a strange request from a Free Trade country. However, the Chairman tactfully steered the meeting away from all forms of futility and acrimony, and it was eventually decided that the faster *tempo* should be used to form a new dance, to be called the Quick Trot or Quick Step. If you get trodden on this winter don't say I haven't warned you.

An Old-Fashioned Candidate

A member of the ancient school,
He oft observed the good old rule
Of kissing babies when he went
To visit each constituent.

But modern mothers all demurred,
"'Tis not hygienic," they averred,
"A lack of wisdom this denotes."
And so, through that, he lost their votes!

LESLIE M. OYLER.

Women Will Have the Last Word!

Aitkin

GRIST TO THE MILL-GIRLS

Lady Diana Duff-Cooper temporarily deserts the serious film life for a little light recreation in the political world. She is here seen exchanging experiences with the mill-girls of Oldham in support of her husband's candidature

Topica

A SPEECH-LESS MOMENT

Lady Astor pausing for a fraction of a second's silence to oblige the cameraman during her campaign at Plymouth. We don't know whether she needs the horse-shoe or not. The chauffeur, who is the only man in the party, is exhibited behind glass

Keystone

CALEDONIAN MARKET STERN AND WILD

Miss Betty Baldwin, the Conservative Leader's daughter, canvassing for her friend, Mr. Deepencer-Robertson, the Conservative candidate for West Islington

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Keystone

THE NELSON TOUCH

Lady Chelmsford (left), Lord Linlithgow, who is the President of the Navy League, Lord Chelmsford and Lady Wiggan at the dinner held by the Navy League at the Connaught Rooms to commemorate Trafalgar Day. All the speeches of the evening were broadcast

The Court at Sandringham

THE King and Queen will have another week at York Cottage before they return to London for the meeting of the new Parliament. There are very busy days at Buckingham Palace whilst a new Government is in the course of formation, what with the departure of the old Ministers and the coming in of new ones, and the many details which a new Prime Minister always submits to the King.

G. P. U.

THE CHOSEN TWO

Capt. G. Bambridge, M.C., and his bride, Miss Elsie Kipling—the daughter of Rudyard of that ilk—leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding. The reception was held at the town house of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who is Mr. Kipling's cousin

Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles, and Prince Henry have been staying at York Cottage. The Queen of Norway is at Appleton House, near by.

When the King and Queen went down to Sandringham, they travelled from King's Cross instead of from St. Pancras, the station always used by the Royal Family for the journeys to and from Wolferton. Owing to the amalgamation of the railway systems, King's Cross will be the station for the Royal arrivals and departures in future when going up and down to Norfolk.

The French Embassy

EVERYBODY is sorry to hear that there is a possibility of the Comte and Comtesse de Saint-Aulaire leaving the French Embassy at Albert Gate. They are amongst the most pleasant and hospitable of the diplomatic folk and will be greatly missed. The position has not always been easy, and there have been several "strained" moments during his ambassadorship, but the Comte de Saint-Aulaire has been a mirror of tact and discretion. Both he and the Comtesse de Saint-Aulaire are examples of the services *la grande aristocratie* can render a Republic, an example which some of the young aristocrats in certain new Republics might follow with advantage to themselves and their countries.

There seems to be a general post amongst the French diplomatic representatives all over the world. M. de Fleuriau, the Minister in Peking, is said to be the Comte de Saint-Aulaire's successor here. People who know Washington and Rome will be interested to hear that M. Jusserand and M. Barère are leaving those two capitals. M. Barère has been French Ambassador in Rome for at least thirty years, and during that time his parties at the French Embassy—once the Roman palace of the Kings of Naples—have been a social institution. M. Jusserand has been French Ambassador in Washington almost as long, if not longer. The French Ambassador in Madrid and the Ministers at Vienna, Athens, The Hague, Belgrade, and Bucharest are likewise to be changed.

Farringdon Photo Co.

CLUB AND RAPIER

Lord Birkenhead, at a Constitutional Club luncheon at which he delivered several telling thrusts at Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Included in the group are Lord Younger (left), Lord Wargrave and the Duke of Marlborough. Lord Birkenhead appears to be wearing a chain of office—but *which* office we do not know

A Rush for the Polls

THE suddenness of the Election caught several candidates a-napping, or rather a-travelling. In some cases their womenfolk have bravely taken upon themselves the heavy labours of canvassing, speech-making, and that general hectic wooing of a constituency entailed by an imminent election. Amongst them is Miss Ishbel MacDonald, the Prime Minister's daughter, who is fighting for her brother in the Bassetlaw division of Nottinghamshire.

One candidate, Mr. Angus McDonnell, Lord Antrim's brother, made a most dramatic entry at a meeting which was being held on his behalf. He was in Western Canada when the news of the election reached him, and set off at once doing the seven thousand mile journey without a break. Arrived in London, he went straight from the railway station to a meeting at Bexley. Mr. McDonnell married a daughter of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the playwright.

Another person whom the election brought back helter-skelter was Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, whose husband is

"THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE"—A "HARDY" ANNUAL [*I. B.*

The Duke of York with Mrs. Catherine Alderton, the Mayor of Colchester, at the Oyster Feast, which has been an annual event for hundreds of years

standing for Oldham. She was in America, and left on the instant with a bunch of orchids, which we are informed was kept in ice during the voyage. Since her arrival, Lady Diana has been adding to her many interesting experiences by canvassing for her husband at Oldham. This is the first time she has helped in an election.

A Lady Labourite

A CONSIDERABLE fuss has been made about Lady Mary FitzRoy, a daughter of the Duke of Grafton, joining the Labour Party, and she has been described as the "newest recruit from the ranks of the aristocracy." But this is a mistake. Lady Mary has been "Labour" for some considerable time past, so much so that she is secretary to some local Labour association at Hindhead, where she lives.

The first Duke of Grafton was the son of Charles II and Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, and some people therefore think it "incomprehensible" that Lady Mary FitzRoy should take part in active propaganda of Labour views and theories. But since dockers and dustmen have a right to their political opinions, why should not a duke's daughter have the same privilege?

Grosvenor House

HAS Lord Leverhulme, I wonder, ever had a counterpart in English social history as the purchaser of two ducal mansions in London? Stafford House, which he re-christened Lancaster House, and presented to the nation for the London Museum, he bought outright from the late Duke of Sutherland for £60,000. The Duke sold because the lease had only some twenty years to run, and as the house would have fallen to the Crown at the end of that time, the Crown actually participated in Lord Leverhulme's gift of it to the country.

It is said that Grosvenor House has not been sold, lock, stock and barrel for ever, as was at first reported, but that Lord Leverhulme has bought a sixty years' lease.

There is a curious coincidence in Lord Leverhulme being the possessor of these two ducal houses, because at one time both Stafford and Grosvenor Houses were abodes of the first social importance under Harriet Duchess of Sutherland and her daughter, Constance Duchess of Westminster.

During the reign of Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, Stafford House, after Buckingham Palace, was the first house in London, and invitations there were considered

Central News

A KENTISH CEREMONY

The Duke of Connaught inspecting the Guard of Honour of the 5th Royal West Kents on his recent visit to Beckenham. He opened the Sir Frederick Miller Home, which is for the benefit of ex-service men

Photopress

A "LONDON-ON-SEA" CEREMONY

The Duchess of York receiving a bouquet from local Girl Guides on her recent visit with the Duke of York to Brighton. The ceremony took place at the Royal Pavilion

only second to a command to Court. The Duchess had a place in the public regard which no woman of her quality has ever held since. She was "The Duchess," and that to everybody meant only one person—the Duchess of Sutherland.

As a child, long after the Duchess was dead, I remember my mother telling me how she used to be taken driving into Hyde Park by her mother every afternoon in the season in the "barouche-landau," and how they always drew up near the Achilles Statue to "see the Duchess pass."

Stafford House never had the same importance after she ceased to be its *châtelaine*, but her daughter, Constance Duchess of Westminster, grandmother of the present Duke, continued the same traditions at Grosvenor House.

Unfortunate Exiles

THE recognition of the Soviet Government by France places the thousands of Russian refugees in that country in a difficult and miserable position. Up to the present, they could always turn to M. Maklakoff, who had remained on in the Russian Embassy, for help and advice. But with the recognition of the Bolshevik Government, the Embassy automatically becomes their possession, as was the case with Chesham House, the former Russian Embassy in London. With the arrival of a Soviet minister or charge d'affaires in Paris, the exiled Russians will have no one to represent or protect them. They are all anti-Bolshevik—hence their presence in France—and consequently are regarded by the Soviet Government as traitors and enemies.

Another delicate point arises out of the new diplomatic relations between France and Russia. The Grand Duke Cyril has publicly announced his assumption of the title of Czar, he being the next heir after the holocaust in the Russian Imperial family. Exiled royalties are only allowed to live in foreign countries on the understanding that they should not plot and intrigue against the existing Government of their own country, if that Government is recognised by the nation whose hospitality they enjoy.

The Grand Duke has a villa at Cannes and another near Dinard. He cannot be expected to give the usual undertaking not to seek the overthrow of the Soviet Government. Even if he is not asked for the undertaking, the Soviet Government would probably consider his continued residence in France as "an unfriendly act." And if they should insist, as they probably will, on his expulsion from France, I don't see how, according to international law, the French could ignore the demand.

AN AMBLE THROUGH AMERSHAM [*Alfi*

Mr. J. Fleck (left), Miss Jude, and Mr. Rawton at a meet of Mr. Robert Wigram's Beagles at Amersham

Photo Illus.

CUBBING AT CÆSAR'S CAMP

Major R. Charington of the Staff College, Camberley, and his two little daughters at a cubbing meet of the Garth at Cæsar's Camp, near Ascot

Sport and General

AGRICULTURALLY INCLINED

The Marquis of Ailsa (left), Mrs. W. H. Houldsworth, Lieut.-Colonel Houldsworth, and Mrs. and Miss Connal watching the jumping at the Ayrshire Farmers' Agricultural Show at Carrick

Another American Peeress

WHEN the Earl of Berkeley marries Mrs. Lowell Lloyd we shall have yet another American peeress. Lord Berkeley, who was formerly in the Navy, is a widower. Once upon a time he owned Berkeley Square and most of the property round it, but he sold it to Lord Bearsted, then Sir Marcus Samuel. His kinsman, Lord FitzHardinge, contested his right to the earldom, and there was a great legal wrangle before the Committee of Privileges which, however, declared Lord Berkeley to be the eighth earl. As Lord Berkeley has been a widower for twenty-six years, some confusion is sure to arise between his wife and the lady who is

Sport and General

AT CIRENCESTER

Lady Bathurst, the Hon. William Bathurst, Lady Apsley, and the Hon. Ralph Bathurst at the opening meet of the Royal Agricultural College Beagles

Topica

WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT

Miss Surtees (left) and Mrs. R. A. D. Liebert hoping for the best at the Newbury Races—which doubtless arrived on the second day, when the weather improved and a couple of favourites came home

Baroness Berkeley in her own right. This barony was held by the Earls of Berkeley until the death of the sixth earl, who was unmarried, in 1882. It then descended to his niece, the present Baroness's mother.

Doctors and the Future

A FAMOUS psychologist, in an after-dinner conversation in a country house, advanced the theory that in a thousand years or so the doctor would take the place of the lawyer, the mental specialist the place of the judge, in criminal trials. But by that time, he argued, criminal trials would probably have ceased. In the interests of the race, he said, individual liberty was already being encroached upon, and just as it was now impossible for anyone to remain in their own homes if they were suffering from certain infectious diseases, so in the future it would be equally impossible for anyone to escape a minute medical registration from their birth upwards.

"You are only considering crime," said a sprightly young matron of the party, "but there are some failings which have a more harmful effect on other people than many crimes on the Statute Book, deliberate malice, for instance. How would your State doctors of the future deal with that?"

The psychologist was of opinion that malice, particularly in women, was bred of disappointment, that it was an acquired rather than a natural tendency. The lady argued that malice was inborn, and if medical science of the future could detect the pressures on certain parts of the brain which produced tendencies to crime—as the psychologist had prophesied—then it should also be able to detect tendencies to what she called "social crimes that are not on the Statute Book." The psychologist disagreed. The lady then asked him, how a case which she proceeded to describe, would be dealt with in his imaginary future.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE? *Alfieri*

Mr. C. Craddock and Mrs. W. Fielding Johnson watching the board at the Uttoxeter October Races

Miss Marplot

SHE had married, she said, into a large family with cousins whose number was legion. Soon after her marriage she discovered that beneath an apparently

LIGHTING-UP TIME *Alfieri*

Mr. Forwood and Mrs. Jarmay in restful interlude at the Uttoxeter 'Chases

F. A. Swaine

AN AUSTRALIAN BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Winifred Cook, who is to marry Mr. R. F. Cook of Australia on November 19th. She is the daughter of Sir Joseph Cook, the High Commissioner for Australia

united exterior there were bursts of ill-feeling from time to time amongst the various relations, mixed up with all sorts of stupid *tracasseries* and misunderstandings. She made the further discovery that these family fusses coincided with the visits to the various members of the family of a certain spinster cousin. After this cousin had paid a visit to her own house the young wife was convinced that she was the cause of all the trouble.

Not wishing to become embroiled with her husband's family, the young woman wisely refused the spinster's suggestions of other visits. But in doing this she roused the lady's active enmity, and soon a story, casting a serious reflection on her character, was running all through the band of sisters, brothers, 'in-laws, and cousins. The young wife had a bad time, but she said nothing. She was waiting her opportunity.

Vengeance

THIS came at a big family gathering at the parental home for the birthday of her husband's mother. The spinster was standing in the middle of the drawing-room, talking. The young wife went up to her. She was greeted with effusion.

"Ah, Cousin————," she said, "I've been wanting to see you for some time. I want to pay you my debt."

"Your debt, my dear. I don't understand! You don't owe me anything."

"Oh, yes, I do! This—and this!"

And the members of a highly-born family assembled in a Mayfair drawing-room were astounded to hear the whick-whack of two resounding "boxes" on the spinster's ears.

In apologising to her mother-in-law after the spinster's hurried departure the young woman said she was sorry she was obliged to give the punishment there, but she had determined to do it the first tme she met the mischief-maker.

"You needn't apologise, my child," said the old lady. "I'm only sorry I didn't do it myself thirty years ago. We should all have been saved a lot of bothers if I had."

"What would your State doctors of the future do with a woman like this?" the teller of the story asked the psychologist, at the conclusion of the narrative. "Surely if they can eradicate a tendency to murder they can eradicate a tendency to spite and malice?"

"Would that be necessary so long as they don't eradicate the combative instinct in other women?" he answered, quietly. "Perhaps in the future a sound beating will take the place of damages in libel cases."

Claude Harris

LADY HALSBURY

Who is helping Lady Barrington to arrange a *souper dansant* and cabaret to be held at the Carlton on November 3rd. The proceeds will go towards Lady Barrington's Village Homes for Disabled ex-Service Men

Topical

THE MEN WHO RULE THE STATES—

—And the women who rule them. Messrs. Huntzinger, Stengel, Miller and Youngs, four of America's most distinguished citizens—being leading professional baseball players—photographed with their respective wives on their arrival in this country. They are playing a series of exhibition games in London

To our Readers Abroad

THE Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

Don't forget our
TEN GUINEA
Title Competition

For Coupon and Particulars
see Page iii of Cover.

AFTER THE BALL(OT)

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *October 27*

DEAR COUSIN—

OH, thank Heaven, it's nearly all over, and'n fact by the time you read this, the worst'll prob. have come and gone, and the fate of the nation be settled again for at least a few months or so. Tho' p'litical things do seem to jazz along so super-speedily these days that life's just one election after another, as the saying goes, and you never know how soon you may be going through it all over again, what ?

卐

JUST a bit on the wearing side it's all been, you know, has not it ? Though *rather* fun in its own little quiet way from *our* point of view just here and there, I *won't* deny. After all, canvassing has its points, and you do see quite a fair lot of life one way or another 'mong your 'stituents, even if not act'lly personally concerned owing to the perfectly 'niquitous laws of the land. That don't allow us to be sort of protagonists or whatever they call it till we've reached a kind of maturish age that no mere unmarried female is moved to 'ticularly blatantly *boast* about, even in these enlightened days.

卐

JUST say I don't think there'll ever be an election *quite* like it again. 'Cos, after all, *could* anything be more 'pletely absurd than letting mere boys of twenty-one or so have a vote, while we . . . Well, after all, its common knowledge, as the lawyers say, that any woman of seventeen or eighteen or so is at least double the age, morally speaking, of her male contemp., and obviously when you get a year or two further the gulf spreads wider and wider. And, *en effet*, even twenty-one, that they're trying to push for as *our* age-limit too, would be putting it far too high if they want really the best brains to run things, *n'est-ce-pas ?*

"Therefore there is no death and no life"

卐

THANK G., all the same, dear cousin, that it is at last (or will be in a day or two) all over bar the shouting, *comme on dit*—this greatest, most memorable fight, as Ramsay put it when the ball first began to roll. Fairly tired, not to say fed-up, I am, aren't you, with some of aforesaid politician's picturesque election phrases 'bout silly old idiots and mangy curs and Pecksniffs and whatnot—not to mention murmurs concerning twisty-twiny people and wiggle-waggles, and the like.

卐

AM predicting, needless to say, a great and glorious victory for the right side, but, of course, these things really rest on the knees of our noble *Intelligentsia*, as the phrase goes. And as remarked by one of our very latest and brightest of verse-makers, Osbert Sitwell to wit—

Nothing exists which the British *bourgeoisie*
Does not understand ;
Therefore there is no death
—And, of course, no life. . . .

So am rather hoping that the afore-mentioned B.B. will have confessed to a sort of comprehension of the 'Servative policy and so permit it to exist, even if it *is* rather too offensively live and lively from their point of view. . . .

卐

AND now, anyway, we shall be able to push off and launch forth once more on the real and important biz. of life,

"Boys of twenty-one have a vote"

starting straight away with the Cambridgeshire this Thursday as ever is, which they act'lly put off for a whole day 'cos of the—oh no, I really can't say its horrid name again. And after a bit of a rest-cure, get that Little Season going once more, tho' somehow it's never really fallen quite to bits, spite of everything. Partly 'cos I think our parties are so sudden and casual these days anyway, and there's been a plentiful crop of first nights at the theatres to help keep things in their stride.

卐

CLUDING that always so 'portant an occasion, a new du Maurier play—which isn't really a new one, but that's by the way, and anyway it's nearly ten years ago since it happened, and we were either in our cradles then or so busy over the War that nothing else really mattered. *The Ware Case* it's called, and is all about a real bad hat—metaphorically speaking, of course, for the one and only Gerald would never be seen dead even on the boards in anything but the very best from Lock's or wherever the best people buy 'em.

卐

BUT, of course, being who he is, Sir Hubert's really a fearf'ly charming villain, as cool as they make them, and never taken aback and always wearing the right kind of Old

Harrovian tie at the right moment. Which I can't help thinking must have weighed with the jury, 'specially the women on it, and made them acquit him of his One Good Deed—doing in his horrid young brother-in-law, who had all the money and whom nobody liked. But that trial scene alone, methinks, is worth the money, and every bit as good as going to the Old Bailey itself, 'ticularly seeing as how the author, Sir Squire Bancroft's son, is a lawyer *lui même* and knows all about all the details thereof.

NOT very nice to the women, though, they aren't, in this play, 'cept in the way of frocks. Which includes, by the way, one white evening one of Marie Lohr's that's got quite a 'stonishing low, not to say, wide back, rather well displayed as she sits at the piano in stage drawing-room with it turned to the stalls. Surprising, I mean, 'specially in one playing so domestic if not boring a part—the kind of fearf'ly good woman, you know, who always will stick to her husband for ever and aye, even if he kicks the cat and drowns the baby, and talks golf at breakfast . . . all because—

It is her duty and she will.

Tho', I s'pose, she really comes in useful in a play like this, 'cos she makes wicked husband seem all the more fasc'nating, and causes you to admire his perfectly marv'lous self-restraint in not also doing *her* in too.

"Orange lip salve"

"Frightfully immoral to write or read books appertaining to sex"

TALKING of stage fashions, saw some really rather nice ones last week I did, at the Prince of Wales's, with no less an one than Phyllis Monkman as *mannequin* to show 'em off, aided and abetted by Queenie Thomas and Juliette Compton, and other bright particular stars of that sparkling little affair of the moment, *Charlot's Revue*. Occasion being what they called a fashion revue of Lucien Lelong's frocks — the smart Paris man who dressed the other show, you know. And really *most* intriguing to see proper actresses as *mannequins* — they do it so much better really, *sans* slinky stride, but making you almost b'lieve these lovely super-frocks they call "Lotus" and "Le Songe" and suchlike are positively even sometimes capable of being worn by mere human beings.

FASHIONS in complexions going around too, you know, just now. If you're Paris you're all white, with a rich ripe scarlet mouth, but the Argentines and Americans and people who've been thronging Biarritz and places (where you can at least 'tend you've seen the sun) have taken to a tan shade, wherewith it is abs'lutely and 'pletely *de rigueur* that you shall wear bright orange-coloured lips. Must say for choice I'd rather prefer this last, but it's *so* hard anyway to get the horrid stuff to stick on, and it has such a frightful habit of starting to rain just when you've got to the third tee or sent off your chauffeur (with car) to go and have lunch or something, what?

BUT never mind. Even if all else fails, feel one can be really rapid quite fairly easily 'thout much further trouble after what some of the best N.C. parsons have been saying at a great Congregational Congress, or words to that effect. Seems it's frightfully immoral, to start with, to write *or* read books "pertaining to the relation of the sexes." And as for psycho-analysis (which, by the way, is just a trifle *démodé* now, but you'd hardly expect 'em to know *that*) it's got so awful, 'parently, that "the most venerable of our lady deacons dare no longer tell her dreams at breakfast time."

SAD, is not it? But there's always a drop of comfort somewhere. Picture, if you can, a state of life where they have venerable deaconesses sitting around at breakfast tables simply bursting to tell you all about their dreams (only it just happens by the mercy of Heaven that they can't). How much, after all, are we spared, by our rapid and uncongregational lives here in the vortex of the modern Babylon!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Don't Get Heated at Election Time

Order our SPECIAL WINTER SPORTS NUMBER NOW!

On Sale Next Week, November 5th

From Our Portrait Gallery

Hay Wrightson

MISS JOAN DUDGEON

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Dudgeon, of Abbassia, Egypt, and a god-daughter of the Hon. Lady Burns. She was born in Egypt, where her father is an official in the Government Service, and spent most of her childhood there

Vote—and 'tis well with England;
Slack—and the day goes ill;
Too late to chafe
When a seat thought "safe"
Is lost through your sitting still!

. . . . . .

Mr. J. H. Thomas's parrot modestly refuses to believe that it will be a pretty poll.

. . . . . .

If it is not too late to suggest a slogan for Silvertown, may we suggest, "Cheap-Jack Jones!"

. . . . . .

Hecla is said to be on the verge of eruption. But that's nothing to *our* hecklers' interruptions.

. . . . . .

The Outs

(*After Praed*)

"We shall come back again in power."—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

1

When Bolsheviks are driven hence,
And all their crimes forgot,
When Communists talk commonsense
Instead of tommy-rot,
When Labour and its kin and kith
From Party jobs refrain,
And Justice isn't tampered with,
They may come back again.

2

When Mr. Maxton's not uncouth,
And Thomas keeps his head,
When Mr. Wheatley sees the truth
Instead of seeing red,
When Messrs. Webb and Snowden are
In patriotic vein,
Or Ramsay Mac. gives up his car,
They may come back again.

3

When Ramsay Mac. (again) forsakes
His gibes, and flouts, and sneers,
And fictions, fancies, fibs and fakes
No longer soil our ears,
When we forget we're Englishmen,
And all that means disdain,
Why then, perhaps (but not till then),
They may come back again!

Heard in the Bus

"My dear, I heard him speak last night. He's divine. Quite tall and *so* well dressed. *And* his eyes! Dark blue, and oh! he's got the cunningest, crinkly wave in his hair! I'm canvassing *ever* so hard for him."

"Is he a Conservative or a Liberal?"

"Oh, dearest, *don't*. You know I *detest* politics!"

. . . . . .

Scopomalin, the new truth-compelling drug, is being advertised. To judge from some of their speeches, certain candidates have not yet sampled it.

. . . . . .

The Premier's Epitaph

For those who'd worked with him through many an hour,
He cared not over-much;
Yet greatly cared to boost himself to power,
And keep the Daimler touch!

. . . . . .

A correspondent writes that, at the Motor Show, he observed two ladies gazing at two cars for over an hour. We conjecture that they were wondering if their bonnets were on straight.

. . . . . .

Lampreys are said to be found only in one river in England. And that is one of the Severn wonders of the world.

. . . . . .

"Yes, she's a pretty enough girl," agreed the Bridge enthusiast, "but, d'you know, she never plays the King when she should."

"No," replied his friend, sadly, "and she plays the deuce with me."

. . . . . .

"I intend to ask the boss for a rise immediately," declared the junior clerk.

"Laddie," replied the wise one, "take my advice and don't remind the firm of your existence!"

. . . . . .

"Our work keeps us young," writes a physician. This is good news from Doctor Peter Panel.

. . . . . .

Last month we read that a record number of girl telephone operators left to get married. We have long suspected that there were quite a number engaged.

. . . . . .

"Darling," he exclaimed fervently, "when I kiss you I feel a king."

"Angel-face," she responded, fondly, "in your last incarnation you must have been Edward, the Caresser!"

. . . . . .

A club diner complained that his hock was Sauterne with a Graves accent. We have before remarked that *our* club Burgundy tastes like Pomade.

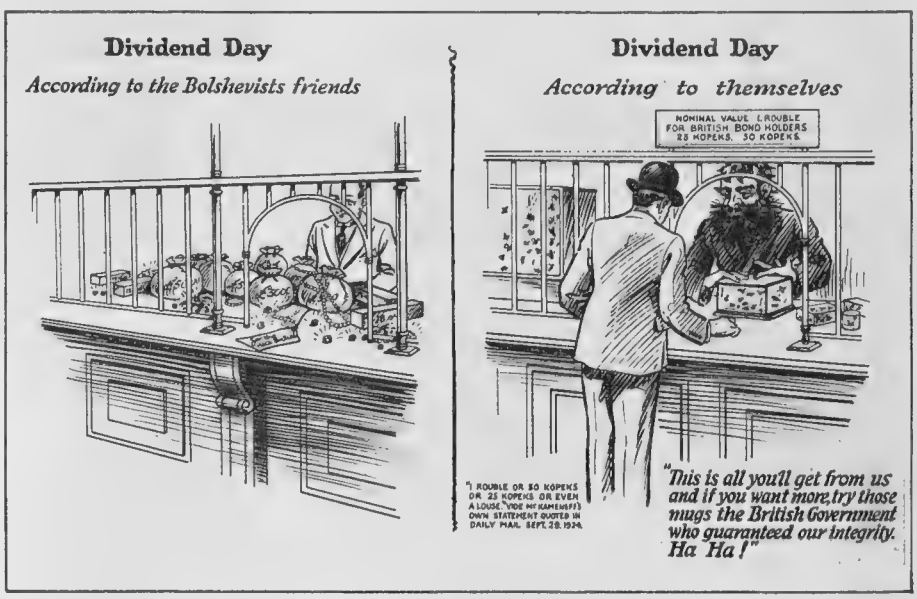
. . . . . .

They were regarding a great statesman in a famous restaurant.

"There," said one, "sits the last patrician with the grand manner."

"But I notice," objected the other, "that he has very little of the Grand Marnier left!"

HARTLEY CARRICK



THE BANK—AND THE WILD "TIME"

The "Wear" Case

BY WILMOT LUNT

JOAN (*after argument over young man*): "Anyhow, Charles *does* dress like a gentleman"
MADGE: "*I* have never seen Charles dressing!"

HENRY KENDALL AND PHYLLIS MONKMAN

CHARLOT'S REVUE

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'

Produced September 23, 1924

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THERE is an ancient wheeze to the effect that theatrical managers ought to thank their stars, and Mr. André Charlot is, I make no doubt, very thankful to Miss Maisie Gay for her commanding personality, and her clear sense of humour. We first meet this delightful lady in the opening scene which is called "Fool's Paradise." Spread before us is a pleasing landscape somewhere apparently in the wilds of Wales, and if the sun is not actually rising on the mountain-tops it is only by an excusable omission on the part of the limelight operator. Everybody here lives more or less in the clouds. One or two of the characters are well-known politicians who are easily identifiable, and whose appearance is greeted with a shout of laughter, as if politicians were no longer things to be taken seriously by the public. There is the optimistic wife waiting for hubby to return from his golf, and feeling sure that he must be counting the minutes that keep him from her side, and then we see hubby with another girl getting along very nicely, thank you.

MAISIE GAY SHOCKS THE NATIVES OF FOOLS PARADISE

IN fact, the only blot on the fair landscape is Miss Maisie Gay, who represents Truth, and naturally we have very little use for that sort of thing, more especially in these electioneering times. Owing to her lack of success in the world, Truth is rather down on her uppers, and her dilapidated appearance is fiercely resented by the gorgeously apparelled denizens of "Fool's Paradise." Indeed, a band of merry, careless girls troop out from the woodland glade and surround her with mocking laughter. Truth replies by singing a jolly little song nicely imbued with her veracious quality. This is capitally rendered by Miss Maisie Gay, and thus the evening's proceedings are opened most auspiciously. After all, when a lady of wide experience starts to tell modern girls the truth about themselves, she need never be hard-up for words.

AN extremely ingenious turn is that called "Mixed Methods." The idea is that as nowadays one man is as good as another ("if not better") we may soon find the most unlikely people taking up other people's jobs. Thus, we have a doctor who has withdrawn from his ill-paid profession for one that is more remunerative. And he naturally becomes a plumber. This is Mr. Morris Harvey's turn, since by a series of marvellous quick-changes he takes all the leading parts. As the plumber he carries the bedside manner of the profession he has just abandoned into his new business, and his careful and polite diagnosis of the symptoms manifested by defective drain-pipes is quite brilliant fun.

THEN we see the plumber turned doctor, handling a patient with a broken limb as if the poor fellow were nothing more than a leak or a burst. In the middle of his examination of the patient, the factory hooter sounds, and the doctor is of course compelled to leave off work and start to eat his dinner from its conveniently portable covering of a bandana handkerchief. But Mr. Harvey's liveliest impersonation here is as the bookmaker turned Crown Prosecutor in a murder case, where instead of examining the evidence, he shouts the odds he is taking on the prisoner's guilt, and wins his case after going through a few tic-tac evolutions with the judge. It is a most ingenious idea, not without its moral, and is carried out with complete success.

THE NEW MORRIS HARVEY MODELS 1924–25

THEN there is Miss Phyllis Monkman who is, of course, a hostess in herself. First protesting that she is not a vocalist, Miss Monkman brings down the house

with a rattling comic song of the good old-fashioned sort, and as this little lady is a humorist to her toe-tips, her playful dancing is a clear addition to the artistic fun of the evening. In a later turn Miss Monkman, as the great *première danseuse*, Mlle. Askafiva, gives a romping dance that does the greatest possible credit to her second wind. In a more pretentious scene illustrative of the Buddhist "Karma," Miss Monkman takes herself and her art more seriously, and her dancing reaches a very high level of excellence indeed.

THE story of "Karma" is perhaps a little involved, and though an illuminated screen carries the thread along from scene to scene, the enjoyment of the turn is chiefly derived from its beautiful scenes and rhythmic dancing. In an explanatory note on the programme the author says that "Karma" is a Sanscrit word possessing no equivalent in English. My dictionary, however, says that Karma is an English word derived from the Sanscrit, and they can't both be right. As everybody knows, Karma is the belief that in subsequent incarnations we suffer or rejoice according to our actions in the life we live at present. That is why we must always speak well of the dead, since the villain of yesterday may conceivably be reincarnated to-day as, say, a mosquito, which would take the earliest chance of getting one back on its traducers. Safety first; and all the time!

AN amusing turn based on the common observation that the parents of to-day are younger than their children, gives Miss Maisie Gay a glorious chance to show herself as a rejuvenated mother from the later Victorian era. Some of her sportive and distinctly candid criticisms of her children makes one think Miss Gay must be a golfer of the traditionally frank order. But this genial lady's great turn comes a little later where, announced on the programme as Miss Fancy Robinson, she proposes to give the public—"*my* public"—selections from her repertoire. Miss Gay here burlesques with perfect art the stilted mannerisms of mediocre concert-singers, and the turn is what is commonly known as a "scream" from first to last.

MISS MAISIE GAY appears also in an amusing scene in which she is the admonishing aunt of a spendthrift nephew, who actually bets money on horse-races. When he comes to her for a tenner and admits that he wants it for the purpose of backing his fancy for the two-thirty, she dismisses him empty-handed, more in sorrow than in anger, and then rings up a book-maker and backs the fancy herself. In an ingenious scene, entitled "An X-Ray Dialogue," Miss Gay reveals herself in a new light as a French conversationalist. We first see people at a conventional "At Home," saying the usual artificially nice things about each other; and then the scene is played showing us the members of the company speaking what they really think. In this scene Miss Gay represents a reciting French Countess, and shows a pretty facility in the language. Her little aside of "*Méchant!*" to an effusive old gentleman who says he is most charmed to meet her, is, both in accent and implication, as to the manner born. Mr. Morris Harvey is another member of the company who breaks out into French occasionally with pleasing success. There are twenty-one 'turns" on the programme, all of a very high quality, and *Charlot's Revue* has clearly come to stay.

JINGLE

A Musical Comedy Favourite

BY HOWARD SMITH

MISS PHYLLIS DARE

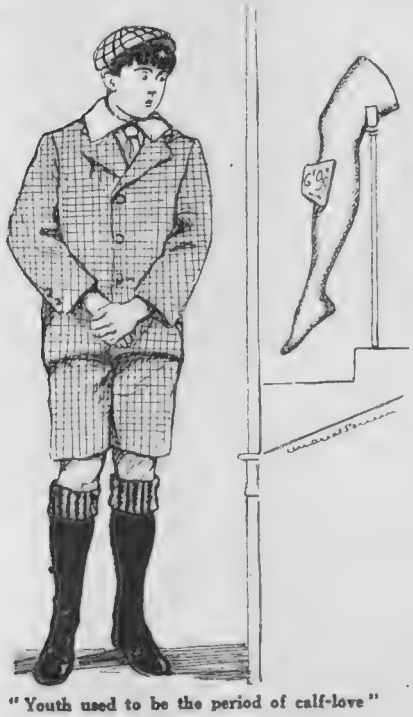
A studio picture, especially drawn for "The Bystander," of the popular heroine of musical comedy, who plays Yvette so winsomely in "The Street Singer" at the Lyric Theatre

PARISIANA. By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

ONE is asked to give serious consideration to a project for the founding of a Society for the Protection of Susceptible Young Men. Yes, really. Things have become so upside-downish that it is no longer the *jeune fille* over whom it is necessary to exercise a watchful solicitude. She has shaken herself free from the tendrils of the clinging ivy, and these are now taking the *jeune homme* in their enveloping clutch, a clutch which produces a growth of timidity among the other weeds.



"Youth used to be the period of calf-love"

THUS are we asked to devise measures to counter the disturbance caused to the easily upset *jeune homme* by the re-emergence of the feminine *mollet* from the folds of the long skirt, which had concealed it for the past year or two. Youth used to be the period of calf-love, *d'après les poètes*, but, apparently, these susceptible young men are not built that way, and the return of the short skirt is causing them much perturbation of spirit.

IT is a sentiment that almost baffles comprehension. Personally, I would have been prepared to break out in couplets about the "revival" of the *mollet*, but the only rhyme I can think of is Nollet, and as that is the name of the War Minister I feel it would be too risky to embark on anything so *irrespectueux*. One may take liberties with King Charles's head, seeing that he is so thoroughly defunct, but it might not be tactful to drag in that of a War Minister, who has exceptional facilities for dealing swiftly and sharply with yours.

BUT if one must reluctantly curb an "afflatus"—and even the exquisite Yogo would allow that the trade of a War Minister is cramping to the Muse—one can proclaim an entire lack of sympathy with the queer fellows who ask to be protected against short skirts, short (or absent) sleeves and *cheveux courts*. There might be some excuse among the congregation of the Rev. J. D. Jones (though I have never noticed any prudishness when rambling through the pine forests down Bournemouth way) but there is no room for it in Paris. If these young accountants who are wailing about the short dress allowance of the girl clerks get their additions all wrong because they permit a pair of silk stockings to stray into the balance, they can scarcely expect us to put that on their credit side. They ought to be debited with the price of the stockings if they cast wayward glances when they should be casting *chiffres*. They can't add, so they adduce ungallant excuses for bad book-keeping. Now they are in the bad books of the *jeunes filles* who adorn our *bureaux*, and they jolly well deserve it. And I am sure the Susceptibles will not get much protection from the married men. *They* are busy minding their own business.

"To break out in couplets about the 'revival' of the mollet"

"The easily upset 'young man'"

M. KISTEMAECKERS, a playwright of varying success, has appropriated a magnificent title for his new play at the Porte St. Martin. He calls it *L'Amour*. Just *L'Amour*. But think of the vast expectations that may be conjured up from this subtle brevity. Other authors have wasted time telling us in advance what sort of *L'Amour* they were about to portray, a method which has nothing like the same pulling power toward the theatre.

THE St. Martin play is rather good. Some of the critics are finding fault with it because, in their opinion, the last two acts are not so good as the first two, but it seems to me that those of them who are not merely querulous are just disconcerted because M. Kistemaeckers twists off into one of those inconsequential endings that are not infrequently encountered in life. I don't like dramatic critics, anyway—except "Jingle," who tells us what a piece is about instead of comparing the first act with the *Orestes* of Euripides and the climax with Aristophanes' *Acharnians*, and who talks to

you and me in language that we both understand.

If I might make one humble comment, I would remark that, although called *L'Amour*, what the play is concerned with is the lack of it. The portraitist, Pierre Navarre, has had bad luck in the choosing of a wife, and when he imagines he has at last discovered a *remplacante* in the young Bretonne, Marie Kerlo, *une âme tendre*, she develops nostalgia and flees from the Paris *atelier*, where she seemed to be happy with Pierre. It is here that the critics become captious because she does not ask Pierre to return to the Brittany fishing village with her. Also, they find the final interview melodramatic. Pierre sobbing as she makes her way to the other *ménage* in which she has become established. But, despite the critics, I think M. Kistemaeckers may confidently rely on the public, which, if it is never "superior," is not often stupid.

"A young Bretonne"

Another music-hall has been added to the list of those that cater for the Anglo-Saxon tourist. Hitherto, after the early visit to the Folies-Bergère, and the passing of the second night at the Casino de Paris, there was left to him only the Concert Mayol, for the programmes at the Cigale and the smaller houses were designed for French people and imposed a familiarity with Parisian "argot," if one were really to enjoy them. Now the Cigale has decided that it has the qualifications to step alongside the establishments which are better known to the tourist, and has embarked on a *revue de spectacle*.

For a preliminary essay the venture has the qualities which deserve to earn success. *Tu Perds La Boule* is luxuriously mounted, and is not bereft of ideas—the chief defect of many of these spectacular shows. And, though "stars" do not always sparkle proportionately with the size of type in which their names are printed, there is an adequate supply, with Suzanne Desprez, Pearl White and Dorville, to be joined later by the always lively Regine Flory.

I have always liked the Cigale, though high up on the hill of Montmartre instead of on the more convenient Boulevards, and have always had a high regard for M. Max Viterbo. Now that his enterprise is being employed at the sign of the grasshopper, the old establishment should have a new run of prosperity. The tourist should be grateful for a twenty-five per cent. increase in the number of entertainments that can be enjoyed by the use of eyes—or opera glasses René

A FULL-DRESS POLO PARADE OF THE R.A.F.

An interesting group from Hinaidi, Iraq, showing the No. 8 (Bombing) Squadron Polo Team, winners of the Baghdad American tournament last month. Names: Flight-Lieut. G. H. Cock, M.C. (No. 1), Squadron Leader F. Sowrey, D.S.O. (No. 2), Flight-Lieut. A. G. Jones Williams, M.C. (No. 3), and Flying Officer N. Vintcent, D.F.C. (back)

The Bridal Path

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Some preparations which ensure the success of Society weddings

"WHAT ARE THE WILD W

BY BLAM

WAVES SAYING—TO-DAY?"

A Touch of Spain at the Folies Bergère

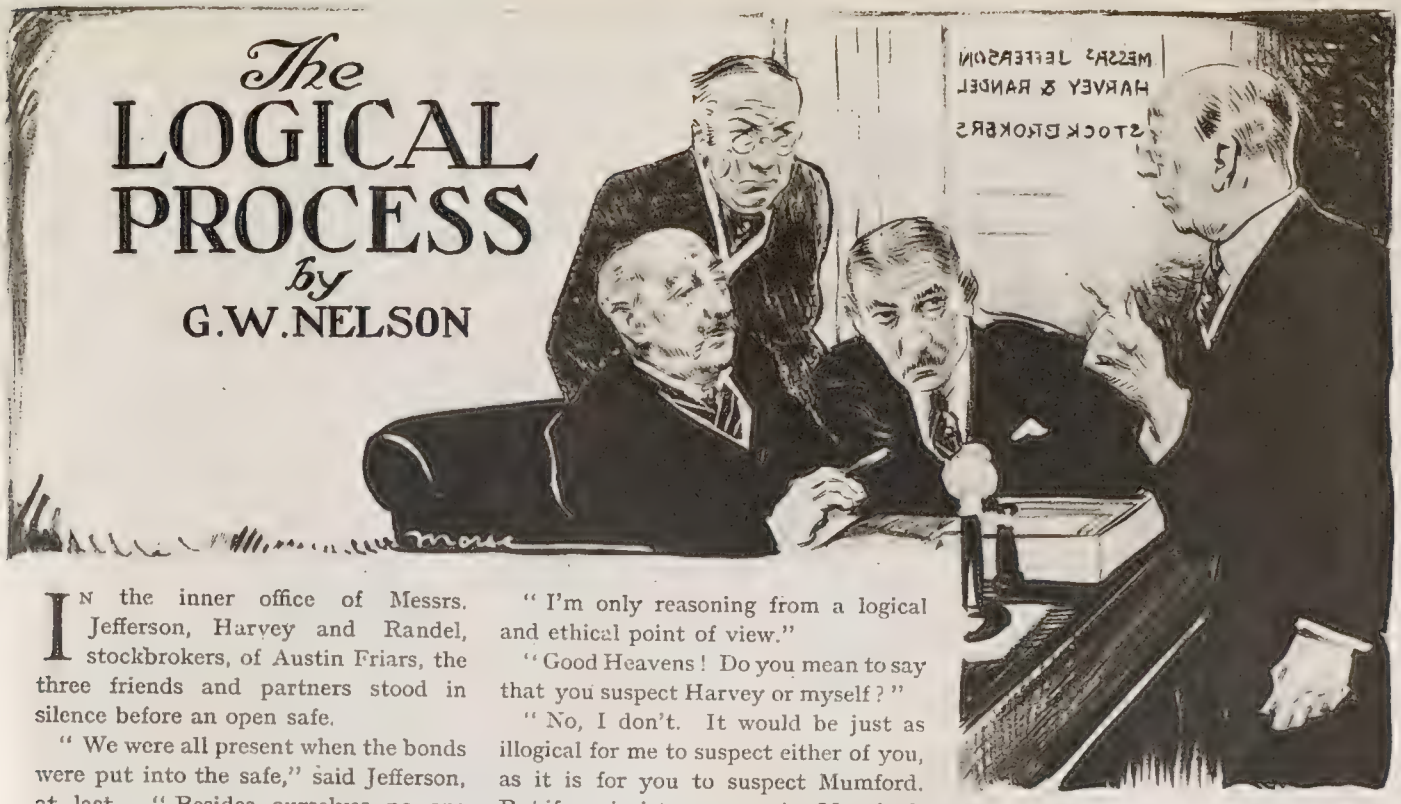
BY MORSE

STOWITTS AND TÉRÉSINA

The well-known dancers, who have been appearing with great success in Paris recently. Stowitts, who has frequently been seen in London, was formerly Madame Pavlova's dancing partner

The LOGICAL PROCESS

by G. W. NELSON



IN the inner office of Messrs. Jefferson, Harvey and Randel, stockbrokers, of Austin Friars, the three friends and partners stood in silence before an open safe.

"We were all present when the bonds were put into the safe," said Jefferson, at last. "Besides ourselves no one knew they were there except . . ."

"Mumford," put in Harvey.

Jefferson rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Ah, precisely. Except Mumford."

"I think we can safely leave Mumford out of it," said Randel. "He's served us faithfully for fifteen years."

The other two looked at the last speaker doubtfully.

"The office has not been broken into," continued Jefferson, "nor the safe forced. We three and Mumford have keys of the office. The combination of the safe is known to us. . . ."

"And Mumford," repeated Harvey, drily.

There was another silence. Randel made a gesture of impatience. "You surely don't suspect Mumford."

"It pains me to suspect anyone, but in the circumstances. . . ." He paused and turned to Harvey who nodded and murmured: "Exactly. In the circumstances. . . ."

"Why should Mumford's probity be questioned any more than ours?" demanded Randel, bluntly.

"We are trusted partners," said Jefferson.

"And friends," added Harvey.

"What difference does that make? Old Mumford is a partner in everything but name, and he is certainly a friend. Why should you suspect him just because he happens to be an employee and poorer than we are? Why, he may possess a higher sense of honour than any of us."

"Really, Randel," expostulated Jefferson.

Harvey stared in amazement. "You seem very keen to defend him."

"I'm only reasoning from a logical and ethical point of view."

"Good Heavens! Do you mean to say that you suspect Harvey or myself?"

"No, I don't. It would be just as illogical for me to suspect either of you, as it is for you to suspect Mumford. But if you insist on suspecting Mumford, then you must suspect each other. The suspicion must rest equally on all of us, but you've no right to impute to old Mumford a lesser degree of honesty than you yourselves possess. It's illogical and pharisaical."

"I can see no good in pursuing this conversation," said Jefferson, coldly. "Are you coming to lunch, Harvey?"

When they were seated at their usual table in their usual chop-house, Jefferson said, "Randel's manner was most objectionable. I feel very upset."

"It certainly was. Er . . . I don't wish to appear disloyal but . . . er . . . what is the conclusion which follows naturally on Randel's defence of Mumford?"

Jefferson looked up startled. "Good Lord! Do you suspect. . . ."

Harvey raised a protesting hand. "My dear Jefferson, I never hinted at suspicion. I'm merely going to follow Randel's own process. What reason did he give for defending Mumford?"

"Logical and ethical reasons, so he said."

"Precisely. Now if a schoolboy is in danger of being punished for, or even suspected of, a crime he did not commit, the culprit will come forward and confess. If he feels he can't confess there and then, he will try and shield the innocent boy. Now Randel's attitude permits of two hypotheses. He may be practising the schoolboy code of ethics, or he may have been reasoning on purely ethical grounds. Tell me, do you think Randel is the type of man who takes any interest in the abstract? Do you think he would debate ethics for the sake of being ethical?"

"Certainly not. He is almost too matter-of-fact and material."

"Very well, that eliminates one hypothesis and the other remains, namely, that he was defending Mumford knowing—I repeat, knowing him to be innocent. Randel admitted that it would be just as illogical for him to suspect us. Therefore, what applies to Mumford applies to ourselves. Therefore Randel knows the guilty man. So do you and I."

Jefferson sat crumbling his bread in silence. "It sounds very convincing," he murmured.

"It's damning," said Harvey, emphatically.

A look of pain passed over Jefferson's face. "Theoretically, I admit, but I have thought of a theory just as damning. We must look at this from every aspect. Now, I did not take those bonds, therefore it was either you, Randel, or Mumford. I deliberately led the suspicion towards Mumford. Randel was indignant, but you supported me. It was obvious that Randel, by his defence of our trusted clerk, was laying himself open to suspicion, although he did it so frankly that any sane thinking man would have dismissed it without a thought. You, who had so readily suspected Mumford, just as readily suspected Randel? You not only suspected him, but you tried to prove a case against him. What conclusion does one draw from your anxiety to fix the guilt? Simply that you want to keep all suspicion from yourself. Therefore, quite by a logical process of reasoning, I suspect you of taking the bonds."

Had a bomb exploded, Harvey could

not have looked more dismayed. "Good Heavens," he whispered, "if you take that point of view. . . ."

"Well, why not? It's as plausible as your theory about Randel. To put it bluntly, Harvey, I'm certain that you took those bonds."

Harvey rose agitatedly from his chair. "That you should think such a thing, Jefferson. . . . I'm unnerved . . . upset . . . . Let's go back to the office."

Randel was still in the office when they entered. He greeted them ironically. "Any new suspects?"

"I . . . I suspected you, Randel," stammered Harvey, "but . . . but Jefferson sus—suspects me. It's—it's incredible. . . ." And he related the conversation of lunch.

"Oh, let's forget it," said Jefferson, wearily, "and say no more about it."

Harvey turned on him excitedly. "Ah, now it's my turn. We must look at every aspect, mustn't we? You've suspected me, Jefferson. Now I suspect you. You've damned yourself by that statement. Only a guilty man would wish the matter to be closed and forgotten."

Jefferson turned pale. "But—but this is outrageous. . . ."

"Oh, no it's not. It's logic. What inference does one draw from . . ."

"Excuse me," interrupted Harvey. "I have a theory. Mumford was the last to leave the office yesterday. We haven't said anything to him yet. We'll have him in."

He pressed a bell, and a few seconds later the old, confidential clerk appeared.

"Ah, Mumford. That ten thousand pounds of bearer bonds which we put in the safe yesterday are missing. Do you, by chance, know anything about them?"

"Yes, sir." Mumford looked from face to face, then said slowly, "I took them."

Jefferson groaned, "Oh, Mumford!"

A silence fell on the office. Mumford shuffled his feet nervously.

"I—I thought," he faltered, "that—that . . ."

Randel's voice shook as he asked: "What did you think?"

"That I wasn't exceeding my duty, sir. I thought the bonds wouldn't be safe in the office. I—I took them to the deposit vaults." He peered at the desk and lifted a large paper-weight. "There's the note I left for you, sir."

A sigh of relief burst from the partners.

"You were quite right, Mumford," said Jefferson.

"Quite right," echoed Harvey.

The old clerk smiled and retired. The three partners solemnly shook hands.

G. W. Nelson

A GALA NIGHT IN KENSINGTON

By Helen McKie

An impression of the Empress Rooms, that popular place in Kensington for all those who happen to feel that "it's a bit of a bore to go up West to-night." There are lots of interesting things for those who are concerned with food; and, as to the real dance-lovers—they already know that the Lido-Venice orchestra is hard to beat

The Fringes of the "Fleet"

By Alfred Cheney Johnston

ANN PENNINGTON

Who provides one of the good and sufficient reasons why the Ziegfeld Follies prove so irresistible to the—er—more serious-minded of New York's theatre-goers

The Skin Game

BY GEORGE S. DIXON

HE USED TO GET HER SKINS—NOW SHE GETS HIM SKINNED

YOGO HAMA THE NON-PARTY MAN

"Grinding tunes for crusts"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

ARE this not a very deploreish and horrible cataclysmic which we now find ourselves suffering to stew in? Indeedly yes, for instead of peaceishly following to pursue golf, bridge and suchly innocent athletics, we are bald-headedly plunged into the political waters and other throes with all the concomitant bangs, explosives and suchly combustions very fatal to weak-hearted persons. Notwithstandingly, permit I should remind you, Hon. Sir, that I prognosed this calamity 3 or 4 weeks ago, which causes to show I have very exclusive informations from extremely inner circles. Yet, I bemoan, are it not 900 or 1,000 shames that Hon. Government politicals could not come to agree over Wembley, whether to finally extinguish it or not, and so must dissolve themselves and produce us a General Election?

"Pardon me to suggest, Mr. Y. Hama, that you have put the wrong horse in your boot. Hon. Government made to dissolve because Hon. Sir Hastings Patrick and Hon. Sir Ramsey voted the Bolshiks a treaty so they could make purchase Red Flags, propogandoes and other Russian delicacies for not any cashes on the nail, but only with ticks. This made to be very wrathish Hon. Sir Baldwin, who put a censure on Hon. Sir Ramsay and Patrick which caused them to suddenly dissolve and become deflated of their winds. A scholastic child of only 1 or 3 months age could have informed you this, Mr. Y. Hama," you ensneer?

Ha, ha, this shows you to be a very superficially informed person and not in the know, but only an also ran. I have very authentic informations straight from a stable. An exalted official government person has whisper to me the Bolshik treaty are all eye ablution, because the Government fell over Wembley and not anything else at all. Now I think you have something to smoke in your pipe!

"This are very serious and exclusive informings, Mr. Y. Hama. Can you permit I should publish same to secure good scoopings?" you beseek?

"A member for Goldens Green"

If you will make it very patent and copyright, you shall have these permissions, Hon. Sir. But you must not seek me to divulge you my informer, otherwise perhapsly he should lose his so high position and not any longer be permitted to dust with a duster at 10, Downing. (This shall make you think some deepish thoughts, but I shall only wink 1 eye like an oyster.)

"A school for M.P.'s"

Are it not a very glumpish thought to think that soonly many numerous M.P.'s shall have acquired the bag, and will not any longer suffer to enjoy 400£ and other political perks? Impicture, if pos, these so non-luck politicals with not any seats, armed with a perambulating organ and grinding tunes for bread and other hard crusts, because non-fitted for honest toils, but only for gifts of the gab and suchly feats of wind. O yes, we hollow for free and preferential tariff reforms and a non-income tax, but speedishly forget the non-employed M.P.'s who must starve or work, with not even pensionings like mere war persons who lost only a leg or an eye while seeking enjoyments in France and other fashionable centres. Should it not be a very sweetish act to make a 1,000,000 £'s fund for these so impoverish politicals? I shall acquire great pleasure to start saidly fund with 1*s.*—but not this year.

I think, Hon. Sir, I must be very chockful of beans, because alreadily I have been hit with another A.1 inspiration. Some of our M.P.'s are awfully abysmal persons who could not for nuts tell us (a) the naval strength of Herzogenbuchsee, (b) the national anthem of Czecho-Slovakia, (c) the cost of living in Preobrashensk, if any, and other vital points which any non-mature infantine could inform us on his head. Should it not be a genius idea to invent a school for M.P.'s where they may learn good informations and acquire, if non-attentive, severeish corrections?

And now, Hon. Sir, I shall be very mysterious and tip you 2 or 3 secret winks. *We have Reds concealed in our midsts!* O yes, in Chelsea, St. John's Wood and Goldens Green, very secretive societies are making to stir up some revolutions by seeking to cultivate very assiduously side-whiskers and other symbols of Bolshism and

terror, also to inflame to fury ignoramus persons by reciting the inflamatory poems of Hon. Sir Sydney Webb and other romantic songsters who seek to beguile us with their silver notes and other severe strains. At great personal risks, I have succeeded to depict you a photo of a Member for Goldens Green as a goodish warning to persons who vote for a 5rd. international, as they may see the so awful

"I have become very democratic"

results of their passions. Consider how terrible catastrophic it should be if we had 600 of him!

"Did you not prognose, Mr. Y. Hama, that you should perhapsly become an M.P. candidate for 400£ an annum" you ask to know?

O yes, and I are now working stupendously hard in my constituents, also I have become very democratic. I are a very free and independant plank and shall not give my supports to Hon. Sir Asquith, Hon. Sir Baldwin or Hon. Sir Ramsay unless they are very worthy of me. I have acquired to possess a wide open mind, so that if voting persons say "Are you a Con, Lib or Lab?" I tell them yes, which should make me very popular on all sides.

But it are not all Beer and 9-pins candidating to be an M.P. As for instants when a very avoirdupois femn inform she could not produce a vote. "O, kindly to inform this to Hon. Equine Marines," I response. "All femns over 30 of age can vote and you look in the face to be 90 or perhapsly a 100 of age." This so surprising fair then hit me 6 or 9 times in the head with a sweeping stick, so that I experienced very numerous stars and other heavenly bodies.

Kindly, Hon. Sir, to print (with not any charge fee) my political manifesto as vizly: "Mr. Y. Hama believes

"The world will roll on"

in Free Trade for cheap feedings, in Tariff Reform for more lucrative wages, in Socialism for brotherly lovings, and they shall suffer his esteemed support if he are put up the pole. Also he will give 1/6 (1 and 6d.) good rewardings to any malicious persons who shall prove he are non-impartial, or has enslaved himself to any party."

And if I are not elected to an M.P., and notwithstanding whether Hon. Sirs Baldwin, Asquith or Ramsay are made into Primates, I bet my non-mentionable garments the world will roll on muchly the same as before.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you shall publish my propagando and still continue to suffer good healths,

I remain

Yugo Hama

A CAMERA LINE-OUT AT BRISTOL

A group of spectators, including the Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Blanche Douglas and Capt. Scott Douglas, at the Memorial Ground at Bristol. They saw Bristol beat Guy's Hospital by 20 points to 11

An Autumn Meeting in Shropshire

Universal

MR. AND LADY URSULA FILMER SANKEY

Topical

MISS CROSSLEY (left), MISS WILSON AND MISS PRITCHARD

Universal

MR. P. GURNEY AND MISS MARJORIE KEMBLE

Universal

MISS HELME

Topical

MR. L. G. RICHARDSON AND MISS V. MOLYNEUX-SEEL

Some of those who attended the Ludlow Steeplechases. The weather for the most part showed us how much better autumn can do than summer, though towards the close of the first day it was somewhat doubtful. F. B. Rees brought off two good doubles, making his total for this year a record for winners under National Hunt rules. For the most part, winners among the favoured ones were few and far between

RUGGER RAGGINGS

A HOLY WAR.

By "PENDARVES."

FATE, and a credulous railway company for whom I am at the moment busy with my pen, flung me into Ulster the other day. Not a very kind fate as it turned out, because hereabouts you cannot get a drink at 9.5 p.m. (the last one, with the small soda, is gulped down at 8.59 3-5ths p.m.), and if you are out after the curfew has rung, armed guards fling you into gaol, there to rot until such time as the Resident Magistrate saunters back from duck-shooting in one of the other six counties. Reflecting on these beatitudes of the Irish Peace, I sought a match from my travelling companion, and we fell a-talking.

Sure an' he didn't know why ut all was at all. He was concerned only at the moment with pig, a sample of which he had on the floor of the carriage, sewn up in sacking, wherein she writhed, a protesting and odoriferous mass. It appeared that she had taken belts and medals for beauty in pigdom, and was being escorted to Ballymuddy, there to fulfil her destiny.

"Is ut Roogby ye'll be afther wantin'? Faith, an' it's here waitin' on ye. Wait till I get Anastasia out, an' we'll be going to the match tigether." Anastasia was the lady in the sacking, and began to tell us so in no uncertain voice.

As he explained to me, *en route* in a hired sidecar (I sat on parts of Anastasia's heaving person), Ballymuddy was playing Ballyrotty. He took no interest in futball—pigs were his life's work and their progeny his pleasure.

But I gleaned that the inhabitants of Ballymuddy followed the Protestant faith, whereas Ballyrotty for the most part—och, they were a bad people, Pope ridden. . . . This casual sentence of information from the disinterested person was of tremendous import to me. I had seldom seen a Rugger match before outside of Dublin or Belfast, and never between towns fervid in their conflicting faiths. This was better than anything Twickenham or Swansea could provide.

Skirmishes between outposts had already begun on the touch line when I got to the ground. There were at least two men in my immediate vicinity hammering at one another's faces, and it was ten minutes before the teams were due to appear. They were being regarded affectionately by a gigantic Ulster policeman, who had an immense revolver stuck in his belt. They said he was a second cousin of one of the belligerents, so, of course . . .

In the team of thirty who started (only twenty-six finished) there were four outstanding personalities. Two Ballymuddies and two Ballyrotties. All men of iron frames, any one of whom could with justification be pitted for a few rounds against the negro Wills. You simply could not hurt these men. Large numbers of large men did their best. They were volcanic in their eruptions from the scrum and the line out. I kept on repeating to myself the words of Kipling, "In the Neolithic age savage warfare did I wage . . .," and thanking a benign Providence I was in comparative safety on the touch line.

Of Rugger, as you and I know it, there was little enough. Here are three faithfully accurate instances of the ebb and flow of this holy war. A scrum half (Protestant), with a torn ear, shovels the ball into the scrum at a much-disputed "10 yards." I could not see what happened to it. I know that sixteen forwards fell to in close combat, the ball lying inert somewhere in the vicinity, while the Protestant scrum half worried a Catholic in the foreground, much as a dog worries a bone. No. 2 reel featured a lanky wing three-quarter (Catholic in his handing off methods with the closed fist), getting well away down wind with the ball. In the fullness of time he passed inwards in the orthodox manner, and backed up for the return pass. Long after the ball had left him he was fallen upon by two grunting members of Ballyrotty, and borne to earth. The third priceless gem was on the part of a severely mauled forward of the visiting side, who, having been heavily tackled in the loose, was late getting to the scrum. The referee (a local man) happened to be in the way of this thunderous forward's rush to get his head down, and was, consequently, swiped with the back of the hand on the mouth—a gesture which implied "Get out of my way, curse you!" The amazing thing was he seemed to like it, and merely smiled with the unbanged side of his mouth, and bent to examine the so-called scrum, which at that moment contained both stand-off halves, as if nothing untoward had occurred.

My enraptured attention was diverted towards the close of this battle of the Boyne by a stentorian voice on the touch line to my left bawling blasphemies at the Ballyrotties. I discovered it to belong to Anastasia's guardian, who had, apparently, concluded the pig business of the day and had drink taken thereafter.

I sought his company at the "no side" whistle, when the private fights were mobilising, and exchanged views on the game, adding that I thought he wasn't interested in Rugger.

Neither was he, he said, "but the bhoys from Ballymuddy were receiving shtrokes, an' that wouldn't do at all, at all!"

I was inclined to agree, guardedly.

Central News

"TWO DOWN AND ONE TO GO"

J. R. B. Worton about to join two of his Cambridge opponents in the match at Twickenham between the "Quin's" and Cambridge. The University won a keen game by twelve points to eight

The Dining Room at Cawdor Castle.

A Renaissance Cabinet showing "planted arch" design and inlaid panels.

The Legend of Cawdor Castle

MANY centuries ago, so legend says, there lived a Scottish Thane who, having amassed the wherewithal to build a castle could not decide upon its site. In his perplexity he sought the counsel of a "wise woman," who said, "Pack your treasure upon an ass and let the animal go its own way. Wherever the ass halts, there you must build."

Thus, we are told, was chosen the site for Cawdor Castle, south-west of Nairn. And perhaps it was this strange legend which brought Cawdor to Shakespeare's notice when he selected it as the scene for "Macbeth."

Haphazardly perhaps the site may have been chosen, but it was not so with the design of the building. Cawdor Castle was built strictly to the standard demanded by the turbulent times of feud and foray: the grey walls and rounded turrets bear that grim aspect typical of a mediæval Scottish fortress. The ancient interior, too, shows evidence of the same stern character in its oak panelling and tapestry, modified somewhat by the modelled plaster ceilings and carven fireplaces.

The hand of Time has rested lightly on these masterpieces of forgotten craftsmen; for Time, so ruthless to the inferior, emphasises the merits of the superior. A striking example of this tendency is found in John Haig Scotch Whisky, which for nearly three hundred years has grown steadily in favour with those who want the very best.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

By Appointment.

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RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

"FOLLOW the Aga Khan" seems to be as good a system as we can pursue in racing just now. I am afraid the majority of us missed the boat in the Cesarewitch; but there is a good chance that the Indian sportsman's colours will be carried to the front again in the Cambridgeshire. That would be something like a double. I regard Diophon as possessing as bright a prospect as any in the big race on Thursday. You need take no notice of the colt's performance behind St. Germans nearly a fortnight ago. Diophon had no earthly chance at the weights in that race, and I do not think his trainer was at all dissatisfied with his display. I know, in fact, that the Guineas winner is strongly fancied at Whatcombe, where they have a very good line to current form. They believe that Diophon's most dangerous rival will be Twelve Pointer.

The Favourite

I CAN quite understand their respect for that colt, who became a clear favourite last week and is a very fair representative of the best class four-year-olds. This season's results has led us to suppose that the three-year-olds are not so good as the horses a year older. This theory, however, received a knock in the Cesarewitch, and it will be interesting to observe how it works out in this week's race. Twelve Pointer and Diophon meet practically on weight-for-age terms, and there should not be much between them. I think we can safely wipe out Diophon's performances in the Derby and his subsequent races. The truth is that he does not get a mile and a half, and the attempt to make a stayer temporarily took the edge off his speed, as it has done in the case of so many other good horses. The Cambridgeshire course should be just to his liking.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE CAMEOS By "THE TOUT"

The big event to-morrow (Thursday) will attract the usual large crowds to Newmarket. Like the Cesarewitch, it appears to be a very open race, but if another 100 to 1 winner turns up, may we be on it!

Pasha and Others

THERE is no getting away from the merit of Pasha's public trial at headquarters. It was said early last week that his owner had not backed the colt, but I imagine he will not allow him to run without a substantial wager. Three other well-fancied Newmarket candidates are Dawson City, Moabite, and Lighthouse. One could argue a very good case for each. The heavier the going the better it will suit Lighthouse, and if the ground is on the soft side he is likely to get into the first three. Dinkie is expected by many to repeat his Royal Hunt Cup success, and he will not be at 50 to 1 this time. Then we have other useful outsiders such as Jarvie, Bucks Yeoman, and Invercauld. I shall endeavour to solve the problem by going for **Diophon**, and I like TWELVE POINTER and LIGHTHOUSE the best of the remainder.

The Dewhurst

WHAT a programme it is for Thursday—nine events in all, including the Cambridgeshire and the Dewhurst Stakes! The latter will be one of the most attractive events of the week, though it is disappointing that Solario and Zionist will not be in rivalry, the former having been withdrawn from the race. If we are to take him on his Middle Park running, the extra distance this week would have favoured Solario whom many think may win next season's Derby. There is no reason to suppose that **Zionist** will not get the seven furlongs, and I expect him to maintain his unbeaten record. He is certainly the pick of the Aga Khan's two-year-olds so far as we have seen them, and he will probably dispute winter favouritism for the Derby with Picaroon. Friday's programme on the Heath will also be exceptionally heavy, owing to the congestion caused by the abandonment of racing on polling day. I expect everybody will have had quite enough of it by the end of these two tremendously busy days. Yet there is sure to be a big crowd at Alexandra Park on Saturday, where **Melibeus** may win the Autumn Cup.

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Johnnie Walker: "A Hogarth drawing proclaims the Age."

Shade of Hogarth: "Yes, and every bottle of your product carries it always."

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HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Sport and General

WITH HORSE AND HOUND IN YORKSHIRE

Major G. B. Foster (the Master), T. Wardle (Huntsman), and H. Sherwood (First Whip) with the pack at a cubbing meet of the Sinnington and Derwent at Ellerburn, near Pickering

Photo Illust.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

The Marquis of Dowrshire riding through a pretty Surrey lane to a meet of the Garth

Bad News

JUST as the country appeared to be in a fair way to holding a clean sheet so far as foot-and-mouth is concerned, one hears with dismay of new outbreaks in several districts. In Leicestershire a case has been confirmed within the past fortnight at Wymondham. This looks bad for prospects in the Belvoir country. It means that the whole of their Leicestershire side will be affected if the fifteen-mile radius is still to hold good. And so far there is no sign that this vexatious restriction is to be relaxed during the regular season. It will be a very bad thing for foxhunting if something is not officially done in this direction. The case at Wymondham also seriously affects Cottesmore arrangements, and in other Midland countries there is, naturally, considerable nervousness regarding the outlook.

The Season Opens

WITH the passing of electoral excitement a number of packs will hold their opening meets at the end of the week. The first day of November is a traditional date for the beginning of the season in many countries. Among the packs which are adhering to the custom are the Chiddingfold and the Surrey Union. Members of the latter Hunt will foregather on Saturday at Jayes Park, the home of the Joint-Master, Mr. Lee Steers, not far from Dorking. Here there will be a hunt breakfast quite in the old style, and it is hoped that the farmers will be as strongly represented as possible.

Surrey Packs

THEIR neighbours, the Old Surrey and Burstow, have also done well during the preliminary campaign, and the Joint-Masters, General Musgrave and Mr. Douglas Benson, are looking forward to a good season. They are not troubled by wire nearly as much as one might suppose, and find no difficulty in showing sport three days a week. The Chiddingfold, which open the season on Saturday at Hall Place, began cub-hunting unusually late on account of the backward harvest, but I am told that these hounds have made good use of their opportunities.

Oldest Hunt Cup

THE Duke of Wellington, in whom that historic Hampshire pack, the Vine, find a strong supporter, will welcome the members of the Hunt to the opening meet at Ewhurst Park, near Basingstoke, on Saturday, and no doubt the home coverts will supply the material for the first run of the season. The occasion marks the formal beginning of a new Mastership which promises well. It may not be generally known that the Vine Hunt Club is about the oldest organisation of its kind in the kingdom, a fact that should make the members proud to wear the black velvet collar with the vine leaf in the corner. The Ludlow is another pack which begins the "real thing" this week-end. The Kennels will be the scene of their opening meet, and Mr. G. E. Godson is to greet many of the supporters of the pack for the first time as Joint-Master. Mr. Charleton continues as his partner, and will hunt the dog-hounds. For the most part, during cub-hunting the Ludlow found the coverts tremendously thick, and scenting conditions were by no means favourable, but the supply of foxes has left no cause for complaint.

Poole, Waterford

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX

Whose husband has taken over the Mastership of the Limerick pack which was run last year by a committee. She is well known as a keen rider to hounds

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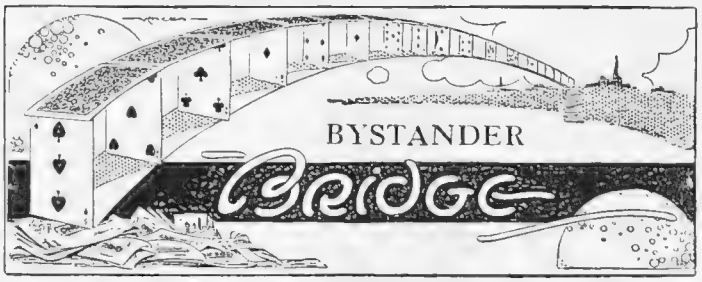

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

INITIAL BID OF TWO NO-TRUMPS

Some weeks ago I wrote about the advisability on certain types of hands of raising your partner who has called No-Trumps to two No-Trumps at once without any intervening bid.

A Bridge correspondent asks me if I approve of an initial bid of "two No-Trumps," and if so, why and when it should be made. From his letter he seems to dislike the bid, and cannot see the logic of it. "Why," he asks, "start with two when you have a strong hand? Is it not better to wait and hear what the others can call?"

My constant readers know my very strong objection to an initial bid of two of a suit, because I consider it ambiguous, ineffective and, usually, unnecessary.

But an original bid of two No-Trumps is quite another matter. *This in certain circumstances* is a very useful bid and a great game-winner. It is a formidable method of attack, and is particularly effective in the third game of a rubber when you do not want to play for doubles, but for game. But you should not make an opening bid of two No-Trumps unless you have a strong hand worth at least six tricks and a possible seventh.

It is essential that you should have every suit guarded.

The best type of two No-Trumps is a long, solid minor suit with guards in the majors. Here are examples:

S—K, 4. H—Q, J, 2. D—A, 3. C—A, K, Q, J, 7, 6.
S—K, J. H—K, 3, 2. D—K, Q, J, 10. C—A, K, Q, 7.

. . . . . .

The object of bidding "two No-Trumps" instead of one on both these hands is to prevent, if possible, the opponents showing a suit. Of course, if there is great strength with the adversaries you may not succeed in shutting out a call or you may be left in and not make your contract. But in either case your bid will have done no harm.

Your partner has thirteen cards. By your bid you tell him that with less than average support from him you can go game in No-Trumps. At the same time if he has a suit of six in a major suit, he can bid three of it safely as he knows you have some support in it. It is, in fact, safer to take out a bid of two No-Trumps than out of one No-Trumps.

. . . . . .

Many players bid "two No-Trumps" when they hold 100 Aces and nothing of value outside. There is something to be said for it, but, personally, it does not appeal to me. With four Aces I should always be content to start off with "one No-Trumps" and consider it unnecessary to bid two. Four Aces are so valuable for defence that with your opponents at love you do not want to shut them out from bidding. With the major suits strongly held, it is unnecessary to bid two No-Trumps. Take this hand—S—A, Q. H—K, Q, J. D—A, Q, J, 4. C—A, K, 10, 2. Although it fulfils the requirements for a two No-Trumper, I should prefer to start with "one No-Trumps" because it is a hand on which you do not want to shut out any possible bidding by opponents, and, if they bid, it will help you to locate the cards. A bid of three of a suit against such a hand could be doubled effectively.

I would restrict, therefore, the initial bid of "two No-Trumps" to hands of a particular type, especially hands with single guards in major suits in which the shutting out of a lead-directing bid by fourth hand is the factor which may determine the success or failure of the No-Trumper.

With the majority of hands a bid of one No-Trumps is better than two.

Remember the Bridge paradox that a hand may be too strong to pre-empt.

. . . . . .

An initial bid of "three No-Trumps" is sometimes justifiable and correct. In his *Royal Auction Bridge*, Mr. Bergholt gives a very good example. Score: Game all. Z dealt and called "three No-Trumps" on the following hand—S—Q, x. x. H—A. D—A, K, Q, x. C—A, Q, J, x, x. B held K, Q, J to six Hearts and King of Spades. If Z had called one or two No-Trumps, B would have called his Hearts. But the initial bid of "three No-Trumps" shut out his call. If B had been able to show his suit, Z could not have made even two No-Trumps, as his partner had a Yarborough barring the Ace of Spades. But as it was he went game, because Hearts were not led by A.

. . . . . .

Mr. Spencer Cox writes me an interesting letter on the use of the "utterly vulgar term Jack instead of Knave," about which I wrote in The Bystander October 8. He points out that "all the old English writers on cards, viz., Cavendish, Clay, Pole and the *doyen* of card-writers, the immortal Hoyle, never use the word, except in connection with the game 'All Fours,' a game played in the kitchen and never in polite society. . . . If in Whist days anyone had asked his partner 'Is that your Jack?' the players would have stared in amazement without replying." He quotes Dickens in *Great Expectations*, where a person is described as "a fellow who calls the Knaves Jacks." In conclusion he gives an argument which he considers unanswerable. "The laws of Bridge distinctly state in trumps the knave is an honour. No mention is made of any Jack. Give it up."

To which I reply with all respect that I find its use convenient in giving descriptive hands. The fact that Whist writers did not use the term Jack is no argument. Many new terms and modes of expression have come in with Bridge. Jack is firmly established and universally understood. It is used in the American laws, and because it does not appear in ours is no argument against it. I fail to see why to speak of a Knave as a Jack should be any more vulgar than to refer to a two as a "deuce." As I said previously, there are some slang terms which jar on one's susceptibilities. Jack is to me devoid of offence. But if I knew that most of my readers disliked it I would give it up for their sakes.

Result of Bystander Four Weeks' Competition, No. V

Problem I

(*a*) Double.
(*b*) One Club.
(*c*) Three Diamonds.

Problem II

Some of the most interesting hands sent in will be published in the next and following issues.

Problem III

(*a*) One Diamond.
(*b*) Two Spades.
(*c*) One Heart or One No-Trumps.

Problem IV

Z should win with the King of Clubs, lead a Spade and finesse the Queen. If this wins, he leads Ace of Spades and throws a Heart from his own hand. He then leads a small Diamond, and if an honour drops he makes game, losing only one Heart and one Diamond.

. . . . . .

No Competitor's solution agreed in all respects with the above. Prizes have been awarded as follows:—

PRIZE WINNERS

£10—Spencer Cox, Budleigh Salterton Club.

£5—W. H. Penney, 1, Rushton Crescent, Bournemouth.

£3—Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Strange, 11, Lascelles Terrace, Eastbourne.

The three Bystander Bridge Sets go to "Dorset," Weymouth; "Tongs," 21, Fernshaw Road, Chelsea, S.W. 10; and Dr. H. J. Van Praagh, Pegdon, 15, Langland Gardens, Hampstead, N.W. 3.

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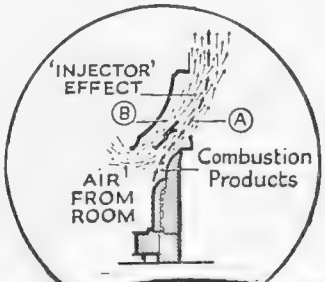

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Before winter comes

WHAT THE DOGS WANT

By "THE KENNELMAN"

WITHOUT denying that their human friends may attach some importance to certain political events of to-day (Wednesday), our Dogs are, upon the whole, keener about an event of to-morrow (Thursday)—the big one-day Show at the Alexandra Palace; which promises to attract a big audience, and lead to sundry challenges of verdicts given at the K.C. Show under the same roof, when the month opened.

With November on the doorstep, so to say, and mists and fogs, damp and frost in the offing, this is the time for those who have not already seen to it, carefully to overhaul their kennels. The average Dog stands cold as well as anybody, and can get as much healthy enjoyment out of winter as summer; whether of the "hard," or the southerly wind and cloudy sky type. But canine nature abhors damp, and doesn't thrive among draughts or dirt. So make sure your kennels are as free as may be of the three detrimental D's, before winter sets in.

Paint and putty and tarred felt all have their good uses in this connection, but practical experience long ago satisfied me that it pays hands down to get your fundamentals right: ground properly drained; kennel runs on a good southerly slope, warranted to trap all the sunshine we get; kennels themselves well clear of damp, *from the bottom up*. It's all cheaper and better than doctoring for rheumatism, and the scores of other ills (and predisposition to ills) that come otherwise. But by all means tinker up cracks and crevices; plenty of ventilation—yes; but all well overhead, please; and be generous with the bedding. Then, with sound, regular diet, and the same brand of exercise, your Dogs will bless you, and revel in any old kind of a winter——. Delightful to watch 'em snow-ploughing with their muzzles! They love it.

Months ago The Kennelman mentioned gossip at one of the Spring Shows of the coming of a new thing in doggy books, a *pucca* Dog Novel (as distinguished from mere stories) said to have been put on the stocks by the author of *Finn the Wolfhound*. Gossip was clearly in the right of it, as the book is now out under the title of *Peter of Monkslease*; its characters Dogs, albeit *real* characters, in the novelist's sense; clearly something not to be missed by any friend of Dogs; and of very special interest, it is said, to all who visit Dog Shows, in any capacity.

To correspondents on the subject of doggy cleanliness The Kennelman would say: Put not your faith in any dodge to avoid exertion, for there's nothing to beat the brush. Plenty of good hard grooming, every day—far more all-round beneficial than washing, especially in winter. Consistently fed, groomed, housed and exercised, the Dog is sweet and clean as any animal living. Ninety per cent. of skin disorders are due to dietary mistakes, including lack of variety in diet, and too starchy a *régime*; the balance to lack of exercise and grooming, or to infection.

The winning Airedale Terrier, "Llanipsa Orvieto," of Mrs. Aspinall's Footscray Kennels, is reported as sold to H.H. Ibrahim Hilmy, brother of the King of Egypt. So far as climate goes there's nothing to trouble any healthy Dog in Egypt; and right out East I have known the lean and sinewy Airedale, like the Sloughi and the Afghan Hound, to thrive even in the "stickiest" belts.

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The same qualities that place La Corona Corona in a class above all other cigars make La Corona Half-a-Corona the *only* small cigar for the educated palate.

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You are invited to come and play your favourite music on this superb instrument at our showrooms. You will then learn why Liszt, Kullak and other famous composers held such high opinions of the Schwechten Piano.

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·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

All Hallowe'en.

It is customary on this night for the young people to duck for apples and to burn nuts. According as the latter burn quietly together, or move apart from one another, so is the course of courtship supposed to be forecasted.

It's a wise old custom to

take a peg of

John Begg!

The Scotch Whisky that has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

By Appointment since 1848

JOHN BEGG LTD., 106, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3; 64, Waterloo St., Glasgow.

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

MOST people who know anything of the great Plague of London have obtained their information either from the entertaining pages of Pepys, who, after all, has not many details to give, or from Defoe, who, in his *Journal of the Plague Year* (whatever American commentators may say to the contrary) constructed with the help of certain official documents a very fine piece of imaginative work. You may say that the Plague itself was so colossal a horror that enough has been said and written about it, but in *The Great Plague in London in 1665* (Lane: 25*s.* net) that excellent historian of London, Mr. Walter G. Bell, has written not only a most entertaining book, but one which puts before you very vividly the social conditions of the day—by no means an easy matter.

IT is, of course, a very grim story, but much of its grimness disappears as you follow Mr. Bell over all the new ground. For he is no man of scissors and paste; his is largely pioneer work. So we see the quacks who abounded, and learn that their methods did not differ very much from those of their twentieth century brethren. So we learn that many fashionable physicians retired to the country, but then they had the admirable excuse that they were in duty obliged to follow their patients. Yet there were heroes who stayed, and did wonderful work. If only some genius had been alive to draw attention to that miserable rat which played such a large part in the Plague! If only that miserable flea had been known for the true villain it was! But the doctors knew nothing at all, and who is to say how many hundreds of thousands of men, women and children perished? Mr. Bell's book gives all possible details, and some of his discoveries are almost startling. His publisher, too, has not been sparing with illustrations, and I fancy that you will find the book much to your taste, even if such glimpses of the past are not "in your usual line."

NOWADAYS enchanters are not so popular as they used to be, which is rather a pity, because they were jolly old fellows, always ready to turn you into something delightfully unusual, and occasionally willing to produce chestfuls of jewels for the asking. Sometimes, however, one of them does manage to stray into a new book, and then as likely as not there are high old jinks. Take *Egbert* (Jenkins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), for instance. Egbert is one of those horribly correct and superior young men who *ought* to be magically dealt with. Mr. W. A. Darlington, who invented him, seems to have come to the same conclusion. Egbert, as it happens, is engaged to a girl who is much too good for him, and it is all very sad because there is a really nice young fellow hanging round who would make her an admirable husband. What does Mr. Darlington do? He produces an enchanter, who in a spirit of playfulness more than anything else—though I admit that he has cause to be piqued—turns Egbert into the rhinoceros that he ought always to have been. Not a baby rhino, or a half-human monster who can talk and eat with a knife, but a full-grown bull, with a nasty, if natural, passion for breaking all things within his reach.

YOU can imagine the fun. Egbert's friend finds himself in the possession of a pachydermatous Egbert in the waiting-room of a small country station. What is to be done with the beast? People, you see, don't *like* a rhinoceros about the place, and Egbert mustn't be killed even if his murderer holds a game license. Well, Egbert is brought into a more or less reasonable humour, and under the ægis of his friend and his *fiancée*, does a turn on the music-hall stage. It is all very broad farce, of course, but the author of *Alf's Button* makes the most of his preposterous idea, and I hope for his sake that some enterprising film-magnate will discover a real rhinoceros sufficiently civilised to play Egbert's part.

TWO or three years ago I mentioned an extraordinary book called *Old England*, in which Mr. Bernard Gilbert endeavoured to draw a full panorama of English country life in the Fen district during the War. Since then that first volume has been followed by others, different in both texture and technique, yet helping to complete the same picture. Mr. Gilbert is ambitious, but he has found a theme which is exactly suited to his particular powers, and as each new volume of the *Old England* series appears, one finds new and sometimes rather startling insights into the mechanics of rural life.

THE latest volume, *Bly Market; Moving Pictures of a Market Day* (Palmer: 42*s.* net) is in many ways an amazing piece of work. It is constructed on lines that are new. The only fault I have to find is that some of these new experiments in technique, bold and ingenious as they are, do not make for easy reading. Sometimes there are passages printed in two types, the one giving you the words that are spoken, the other the unspoken words which accompany them. That is not so bad, but occasionally when three or more people are supposed to be talking at once, their speeches run concurrently on, and one is a little worried. Yet the book itself is such a big thing, that it would be ungracious to find fault with something because it is new. I do not say that *Bly Market* is a pleasant book, but it is a very remarkable book, and when the whole work is completed, we shall have something which the unborn critics of the future may well be dubbing a masterpiece of its time.

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

JOHN BULL'S JUNGLE—THE R'HENT

Although our politicians assert that this monster is increasing in size and numbers, facts prove otherwise. Its periodical raids—usually four a year—completely demoralise householders, who often try to evade it at night, as our picture shows. Another way of escaping is to take to tents and bivouacs. But even then the unfortunate householder is liable to attack by a kindred beast, the Gr'Hound R'hent

BY HIGGINS

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"BLACK & WHITE"

"BLACK & WHITE" is unequalled for mellowed softness and delicate bouquet, which only a blend of age-matured whiskies can give.

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OUR HIDDEN £100

Last Lap in The Bystander's Treasure Hunt

CLOSING DATE—NOVEMBER 12

THE BYSTANDER'S novel Treasure Hunt is now nearing the end.

We publish on this page Quest No 4, giving the final set of clues which will assist you to unearth that elusive £100 offered by THE BYSTANDER to the reader who succeeds in solving the greatest number of clues we have printed.

Quests Nos. 1, 2 and 3, with their accompanying Treasure Hunt Coupons for filling in the clues, were given in the last three weeks' issues. If, by mischance, you should have forgotten to cut out the Treasure Hunt Coupons from these numbers, you may still obtain them by sending immediately a Postal Order for 3*s*. 4½*d*. to the Publisher of THE BYSTANDER at Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, E.C.4.

It is important, however, that you should apply for these back numbers at once, for we have decided that **the closing date for the Competition must be November 12.**

Anyone anywhere, who is familiar with London or has the assistance of an informative map or guide to the Metropolis, can compete, and with the knowledge that everyone has the same chance of running the treasure to its hiding-place.

The idea is quite simple. You will remember that two Country Cousins, on their first visit to London, called on us for advice as to viewing certain places, and that we arranged with them to visit these places in their own way—describing their journeyings briefly, though perhaps a little mysteriously, and indicating certain points of special interest without naming them.

These "certain points" provide the series of clues which ultimately lead to the Treasure.

Study Quest No. 4, which appears to-day, travel with our Country Cousins in your imagination, and try to discover the names of the clues hidden in the underlined and numbered sections of their description. If you happen to live in London, you will find the Hunt still more fascinating by making the actual journey.

QUEST No. 4

A little later we found ourselves wending our way along by the side of the silvery Thames until we reached a bridge (1) which is associated with a famous station, and then retracing our steps and passing through green lawns, we made our way to an old church where a great man lies in his tomb (2). Regretfully we left the peace and quietness of this old-world spot, and emerged into a bustling street, to gaze with awe upon a building where reputations and fortunes are made and lost (3). Then passing through an entrance (4) we came to a street where secrets cannot be kept (5). A turn or two and we found ourselves at the building where our quest began—and ends (6).

Having solved the final set of clues (as well as the first three sets, which appeared in our previous issues) write them clearly in the Fourth Treasure Hunt Coupon printed at the foot of this page.

Attach this to the first three coupons containing your solved clues, and post the complete set of four to "Treasure Hunt," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4., to reach this office not later than Wednesday, November 12.

The result will be announced as soon afterwards as possible.

RULES OF THE TREASURE HUNT

1. All attempts must be made on our Treasure Hunt Coupons neatly cut from THE BYSTANDER.
2. Competitors may send in as many sets of coupons as they please, but each set must be fastened together, and will be treated as a separate entry.
3. The Editor has the right to divide the prize in the event of a tie, or to disqualify any Competitor for what he may consider good and sufficient reason, and his decision regarding any question relating to this Competition must be accepted as final and legally binding by all Competitors.
4. No responsibility can be accepted for any Coupon lost, delayed, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be regarded as proof of delivery or receipt.
5. Unstamped or insufficiently stamped entries will be refused.
6. No correspondence can be entered into respecting this Competition.

LAST TREASURE HUNT COUPON.

SOLUTIONS TO QUEST No. 4

*Clue 1*_____ *Clue 4*_____

*Clue 2*_____ *Clue 5*_____

*Clue 3*_____ *Clue 6*_____

I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Competitor's Name _____

*Address*_____

_____

NOTE.—Write in Ink and Block Letters only, and cut out Coupon neatly round the border line. This is the final coupon. Send this, together with the three which appeared in previous issues, to "Treasure Hunt," The Bystander, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

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Whatever your age, if you are not entirely satisfied with the appearance of your hair, do not hesitate to consult MONS. GEORGES, the pioneer of the natural parting, whose expert knowledge is at your service. A personal visit will be greatly appreciated, but if this is inconvenient, MONS. GEORGES will be pleased to send on approval, specimens of his work for inspection.

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FROM
63/-
the pair?

These create a perfect finish to the Coiffure and are essential for both day and evening wear, as spreading out over the ears and on to the cheeks, they give that charming 'Bobbed' or 'Shingled' effect so greatly admired.

An Illustrated Catalogue will be sent under cover, post free, to any lady favouring with a request for same.

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Coiffure and My Lady's Toilet

By RITA STRAUSS

DURING the past year what is practically a revolution has taken place in the art of hair-dressing, and just as the Elizabethan period, the days of the Directoire and the First Empire marked epochs in the history of fashions in dress, so the year 1924 will make a notable epoch in the history of the *coiffure*. I may go so far as to say that the accepted fashionable *coiffure* of 1924 is one which will make history. It is such a distinct change from anything we have had before. I refer, of course, to the "shingle" and its many variations, including the up-to-date "bob."

IT is just over a year now since women first began to shingle their hair. During the War bobbing was introduced for purposes of convenience. It saved such a great deal of time and trouble to the woman who was busy on war work. When the War ended, bobbing went out for a time, for in its old form, except on young girls, it was not generally becoming. Women began to grow their hair again, until they realised that bobbed locks could be arranged more becomingly even than long locks, especially if they were prettily waved and arranged in an artistic manner. I have no hesitation in saying that it is the art of waving which first made possible the present-day shingle and "bob."

FOR bobbed and shingled locks have the effect of making a woman with the right type of face look more youthful. Nowadays, there are all sorts of ways of bobbing the hair. When one style does not suit you, you may be sure that there is some other style which will. There are, for instance, the permanently waved bob, perhaps the prettiest of all; the boyish bob, in which the hair is cut perfectly straight without the suspicion of a wave; the bob known as the "Dutch cut," with a straight fringe, and straight hair falling well over the ears; the French side parting bob, with a fluffy fringe and hair fluffed out at the sides; the girlish bob, giving the youthful appearance its name conveys, and the centre parting bob; in fact, there are all sorts of ways of arranging bobbed hair, and, doubtless, it was in devising new ways of bobbing that the becomingness of shingling was first discovered.

SHINGLED locks are cut perfectly close, boyish fashion, at the back, but the hair is allowed to grow at the top in all its luxuriance, falling loosely in sweetly feminine fashion over forehead and ears. This fashion lends itself to one of the neatest forms of *coiffure* which has ever been invented. It is a fashion which defines the shape of the head and shows to advantage the beauties of a small pretty head. It is a fashion, moreover, which can be so adapted as to disguise the deficiencies of a head which cannot be called beautiful. There are ways of waving and arranging shingled hair which will make a large head look much smaller than its normal size, and will effectually disguise any deficiency of shape; but it needs careful waving and arrangement to do this.

When combined with waving, a shingled *coiffure* can be made to look just as prettily feminine, and more so, than a *coiffure* which is built up of coils upon coils of long hair.

A SOFTLY WAVED "SHINGLE"
Here "Nestlé" shows the beauty of shingling combined with his permanent wave

SHINGLE AND SIDE CURLS
The soft curls at the side are a feature of this shingle by Marcel

I HAVE no hesitation in saying that the vogue of shingled and bobbed locks is one that has caused more discussion in the average family than has been caused by the evolution of any new style in dress. When the fashion was first introduced, most men proclaimed their disapproval of it. I wonder how often that time-worn quotation about "woman's crowning glory" has been voiced by fathers and husbands during the last twelve months. But most of them have by now become reconciled to the new fashion, more, they are loud in their approval of its becomingness, for they cannot deny that to a certain type of face, shingled locks are vastly becoming. Given the right type of face and a prettily shaped head, any woman may look well with shingled locks,

whatever the sum of her years. It is mere prejudice to say it is only a style for the girl of seventeen. The severe type of "bob" and "shingle" is a *coiffure* which very rarely suits the older woman, it is true, and is more suitable for girls in their teens; but, as I have said before, there are all kinds of variations of both the shingle and the bob to choose from. There is a dignity, a neatness, a smoothness about hair shingled in the right manner which is especially becoming to the older woman. It is much more becoming than ill-arranged, untidy-looking long locks, and long hair *is* difficult to dress becomingly. Of how hideous it could be made to look, those of us who remember the days of the "bun" hairdressing have had abundant proof.

AND when we come to turn over in our minds the history of the freak *coiffures* of the past, those huge erections of horsehair and tow, invented in the first instance by the French hairdresser, Leonard, in the seventeenth century—erections which were so elaborate that they could only be taken down and re-dressed once in every three weeks, we may be thankful for the simplicity, and, indeed, the perfect hygiene of the present-day styles, which render even the use of hairpins unnecessary.

All our leading London *coiffeurs* are of opinion that the vogue for shingled locks will be a persistent one. Most of them are shingling women's heads of hair at the rate of thirty or forty a day. M. Marcel, the hair-waving expert, of 280, Oxford Street, is one of those who are enthusiastic about the charm of the new *coiffure*. "Women should be glad that they have said goodbye to the barbaric bun, which so often meant unhygienic contrivances in the way of hair-pads and frames," he says.

Incidentally, M. Marcel can shingle hair in such a manner as to make a large head look small and disguise any deficiencies in its shape. With his well-known "Sesame" system of permanent waving he is especially successful in this respect.

DAME FASHION is always variable and capricious in her modes, thus at times we see the anomaly of women appearing with shingled locks in the day-time, and wearing plaits or curls of hair above the nape of the neck in the evening, adjusted in such a way as not to spoil the shingle outline.

These coils or plaits are often made up from the owner's own hair which has been cut off in the shingling process. Every woman who has her locks shorn, is careful to keep them, for one never knows when fashion may change, and they can easily be made up by an expert hairdresser to wear should occasion arise. Some women follow another expedient. Not wishing to sacrifice their long hair, they pin it closely to their head, and wear over it a shingle transformation. These are being made up in large numbers by all the hair experts who are specially renowned for their *postiche* work.

THE Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, specialises in shingle wigs and transformations, so artistically made as to defy detection. Here, moreover, they always have the special claims of the middle-aged and elderly women in view. They excel, for instance, in the art of making up white hair in the graceful and dignified fashion in which it should be made up.

ARTISTIC waving, as I have said before, softens the shingled and bobbed *coiffures*, and has a way of disguising lines which severely straight locks would reveal. And permanent waving, above everything else, simplifies the achievement of the successful shingled *coiffure*. The processes of permanent waving are now many and varied. One of the most successful is the "Pamoil" system, which leaves the hair, after waving, most beautifully soft and silky; in fact, by means of which the smooth, shining wave, which is the ideal hair wave, is achieved to perfection. This system, which is carried on by Mr. A. C. Hornett and Mr. G. Aldworth at their premises, 385, Oxford Street, has one great advantage in that the actual heating time never exceeds six minutes. There is no steam to scald the scalp and no risk of frizz or dryness.

(*Continued on page 360*)

A "GIRLISH" BOB
This quaint effect has been achieved by Emile

A BEAUTIFUL OUTLINE
Shingling and waving by Eugène have made this delightful coiffure

ARTISTIC AND NATURAL
A coiffure which owes its beauty to the "Pamoil" Permanent Wave

A "SHINGLE" TRANSFORMATION
Maison Georges show how the "Shingle" can be achieved in "postiche"

Emile's Extensions Completed.

The latest extension which Emile's have just completed to their London Premises consists of 13 new Salons (making 40 in all) together with the necessary extra Workrooms and Offices, which will now provide the further accommodation that has for some time been required to adequately deal with the increasing business.

Situated as they are in the midst of the homes of London's Aristocracy, Hairdressing and the hygienic care of the hair naturally claim a very large part of their work, and it is for these branches that the additions have been specially made, in order to meet without difficulty the pressure of the busiest seasons.

Ladies are invited to write for special Souvenir, "Reminiscences of a Court Coiffeur," sent post free, or to make a tour of inspection, when they will be cordially welcomed.

Emile Ltd., 24 & 25, Conduit St., London, W.

The process is also an ideal one for the waving of children's hair.

NESTLÉ, of 48, South Molton Street, the originator of the Nestlé permanent wave, is also an enthusiast about shingling. You could have nothing more smooth or artistic than the wave imparted by the Nestlé process, which has been so perfected that it can be safely applied to white hair without any danger of the hair turning yellow or losing its beautiful whiteness.

VERY effective, also, is the permanent waving process carried on at the establishment of Eugène, 23, Grafton Street, where waving, shingling and bobbing are being done almost at every hour of the day in their beautiful *salons*. The illustration will show how pretty hair shingled and waved according to his process can be made to look. Eugène specialises in imparting a shingled effect to hair of normal length without actual shingling. This is a boon to the woman who does not wish to sacrifice her locks to the prevailing fashion. Naturally wavy hair, of course, can be shingled effectively without any waving process, and with fluffy hair, water-waving is, in many cases, all that is required. Eugène sells a very effective wave-setting lotion known as "Setagene," the use of which will keep permanent waves set, and will induce hair which is inclined to be wavy or naturally curly to fall into large beautiful waves and curls when sprayed with this preparation and used according to the directions given.

ALL sorts of extraneous additions to the hair can be called into requisition to secure the success of a shingled *coiffure*. At André Hugo's, 180, Sloane Street, they specialise in very artistic side bits known as "Bobbed Victors," which may be had to match any hair at from three guineas a pair. These make a perfect finish to the *coiffure*, and can be worn both in the day time and the evening, either with long or short hair. They spread over the ears and on to the cheeks to give a pretty, soft bobbed or shingled effect.

AN ARTISTIC COIFFURE
Showing the natural effect achieved by an "André Hugo" transformation

EMILE, the well-known Court hairdresser, of 24 and 25, Conduit Street, is yet another *coiffure* expert who looks upon the shingle styles of hairdressing with an approving eye. His well-known impossible-to-detect "Ultima" transformations can now be had in all the shingle and "bob" styles. Some of the most charming and youthful-looking effects have been achieved by this really marvellous hair work. He is an expert also at actual "bobbing" and "shingling," as the quaint "bob" style pictured will show.

Emile specialises in all kinds of hair-dressing and hair-tinting. He is, moreover, one of our chief authorities not only on the hygiene of the hair, but upon the history of the *coiffure*, as you can judge if you read the charming little book, *From Ringling to Shingling*, which he has just published.

It is his opinion, as it is that of all other experts, that there is a grace and charm in hair clipped

(Continued on page 302)

There's Nothing to Offend

THERE'S nothing to offend the most fastidious of her sex in the new INECTO. No unpleasant odour, no strong, coarse perfume and no tell-tale stains on scalp, skin or clothing!

INECTO satisfies every woman's innate love of daintiness and beauty — it also satisfies her desire to look her best under all conditions.

The rush and turmoil of present-day existence, with its nervous strain and continuous round of social duties, tends to sap vitality from the hair, and greyness soon results.

At the first sign, all who realise the importance of keeping their youthful appearance should at once consult the leading hairdresser in their district. He will recommend INECTO which can be used for touching up grey and faded hair before change of colour becomes apparent.

Hair re-coloured with INECTO has none of that dull, dead appearance inseparable from the use of "stains" and "hair paints" which merely deposit crude colour on the outside of the hair. It takes only 15 to 30 minutes to apply, and you are not told to wait two or three days for it to "develop." Moreover, the colour immediately restored is one of Nature's own hair tints. Simultaneously the sheen, brilliance, and elasticity of the hair is enhanced. Applied by a qualified hairdresser, INECTO is absolutely harmless. The new INECTO can be successfully self-applied in the privacy of your own home. By following the clear and simple directions given with every outfit, a perfectly satisfactory result can be obtained with certainty and absolute satisfaction.

FOR Free Booklet telling all about INECTO RAPID, with directions for touching up grey or fading strands or patches at home, call at, or write to

INECTO RAPID
Demonstration Salons,
15, NORTH AUDLEY STREET
***(Near Selfridge's)* LONDON. W.1.**
Telephones: - - - - Mayfair 3046-3047.
Special Consultation Phone: - - - Mayfair 3789

If you decide to let your shingled hair grow, you can, with the assistance of Eugène's Improved Process of Permanent Waving, still retain the distinctive line of the shingle during the period of regrowth and after.

A Significant Fact about "EUGÈNE"

THAT they are the only house in the world specialising *exclusively* in Permanent Hair Waving is the rare distinction of "Eugène."

The unrivalled experience thus gained in the art of permanent waving is your protection against indifferent service. At "Eugène's" permanent waving is something more than a mechanical process—the skill and judgment of the operators play a vital part, and enable "Eugène" to *guarantee* successful results in every case they undertake.

Our Consultant is always pleased to tender advice by appointment without obligation. If you cannot make a Personal Call, our FOLIO of PHOTOGRAPHS will enable you to realise the beauty and charm of "Eugène" Permanent Waving better than any words we might employ. May we send you a copy?

EUGÈNE Ltd.

Perfecters of Permanent Waving

23 GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

And at Paris and New York

This exquisite lotion is prepared exclusively by us for the purpose of setting a deep and becoming wave in the hair after shampooing. It burnishes and gives new life to the hair. Photographic instructions on how to set the hair, free with each bottle. Prices, 5/6 and 9/6

according to the present-day modes, which all will in time appreciate, and that shingled, bobbed, or long, a woman's hair is still her "crowning glory," more so, in fact, than it has ever been in the past, for it requires to be kept even more glossy and more beautiful than when long hair was the general rule.

Permanent Waving at Home

A home permanent-waving outfit, which is simplicity itself to use, is by way of being a perfect boon to women who live in the country and are not able to visit a *coiffeur* in town. Such an outfit is sold by Gaby's, the permanent-waving specialists, of 5, Blenheim Street, Bond Street. It will be sent out to clients for thirty days on trial on receipt of an order form properly filled up, with the understanding that if after trial the client desires to return it, the full purchase price will be refunded. At Gaby's *salons* in Blenheim Street, permanent waving is carried out in half the usual time by Gaby's patent oil process, the cost working out at the moderate price of 2*s.* per curl. This well-known hairdressing expert has a unique motor service, in connection with which hair-waving experts travel about in motor-cars with the waving machine to attend ladies in their own homes.

Hair Hygiene

Careful brushing of the hair is essential, even more so than shampooing, in promoting the hygiene of the scalp and keeping the hair clean, glossy, and bright. Five minutes every morning and night should be the least amount of time a woman spends on brushing her tresses. Her work will be wasted, however, if she does not use a good hair-brush, such as the well-known Mason Pearson hair-brush, in the making of which nothing but the best wild boar black bristles are employed. The bristles, carefully graduated, are set in a pneumatic indiarubber pad. These hair-brushes, by reason of their construction, stimulate the circulation of blood to the scalp, and arrest dandruff and scurf by purely natural methods.

SEEN ON THE SCREEN

Miss Laura La Plante, the "Movie" star, has a distinctive style in coiffure. She is an enthusiastic user of Lavona Hair Tonic, and is loud in its praises

A Wonderful Hair Tonic

Most women find some kind of a hair tonic necessary, especially in the spring and in the autumn. There are other times, too, when hair health gets below par and the hair loses its brightness and pretty appearance. Abnormal falling out of the hair is also a warning that a tonic of some kind should be used. Lavona hair tonic is really a wonderful preparation for toning up thin, lifeless-looking hair, and rejuvenating it in every possible way. Women whose hair is inclined to be dull looking would do well to try it. It does away with scurf, ultra-greasiness, and also its regular use will prevent premature loss of colour.

Avoiding Grey Hair

Premature greyness is only too well known in this strenuous age. Few women can afford to have grey hair, and those who are worrying about their greying locks should write to the Facktative Company, 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, for their book describing their cure for grey or faded hair, without the use of dyes or stains. Many well-known people speak highly of its results, and its admirable effects on the general health and conditions of the hair. Besides restoring lost colour, it improves and tones up the hair in every way.

Beauty Salons

The Phyllis Earle Institut de Beauté, at 15 North Audley Street, have extended their hair-beautifying activities to embrace every phase of hair care and hairdressing, including tinting, waving, light ray treatment for stimulating growth, and so on. The augmented department is under the direct and personal control of a master *coiffeur* of European reputation,

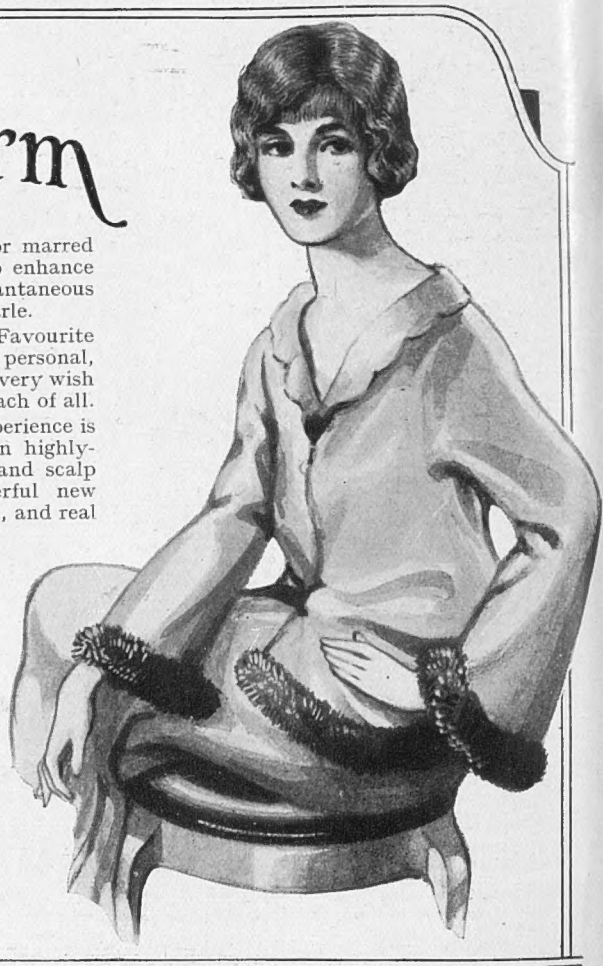
(Continued on page 364)

Her Greatest Charm

EVERY woman understands how her good appearance can be made or marred by the health and beauty of her hair, and the way it is arranged to enhance the facial line of beauty. This goes far to account for the instantaneous success of the enlarged and extended Hairdressing Department of Phyllis Earle.

Here, in the heart of Mayfair, yet in close proximity to London's Favourite shopping centre, is the hairdressing service of your dreams—intimate, personal, courteous service in surroundings of exquisite comfort and charm; your every wish given effect to by skilled and attentive assistants, and at prices within the reach of all.

The department is directed by a Master Coiffeur whose skill and experience is second to none in the country. Under his close and personal supervision highly-trained assistants carry out every kind of hairdressing, hair beautifying, and scalp treatment. A speciality is made of hair-recolouration by the wonderful new INECTO process. Permanent Waving is carried out by a perfected method, and real discrimination is employed in the selection of style to suit every facial type and preferred coiffure. If your need is for a transformation, one will be supplied that will be admired by all and detected by none. In short, whatever your hair needs, the Phyllis Earle Hairdressing Department can satisfy it.



Phyllis Earle LTD.

15, North Audley Street (near Selfridges), **W.1.**

Telephone: Mayfair 3046-3047. Special Consultation Telephone: Mayfair 3798.

Write for illustrated List of Phyllis Earle's famous Aids to Beauty, and a copy of the Boudoir Book of Beauty—gratis and post free.

INSTITUT DE BEAUTÉ PHYLLIS EARLE

A Marcel Crown with an evening Gown, has a magic power when the Sun goes down

The deft artistry of "Sesame" experts works wonders. Do not place yourself in inexperienced hands but come to the originators and success is assured. You cannot go wrong if you allow us to

Permanently Wave or Curl YOUR Hair

The price is reasonable and there is one charge only —2/6 per wave or curl. In case you should feel a little apprehensive, we invite you to call and seek our advice before deciding.

Under Royal Patronage

Marcel's "Sesame"

Permanent Waving is Supreme.

On receipt of 3d. in stamps we will send real photos and booklet.

353, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1. 5, Lr. George Street, Richmond.

WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society Men and Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour.

FREE TREATISE.

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all — preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

The One Method Endorsed by the Press.

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"**'Facktative'** *certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use.*"—"*There are other points which commend it, its admirable effects upon the* **general health and condition of the hair,** *and so on: but it is in its* **wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour** *to the hair that its chief interest lies.*"

"SUNDAY TIMES" says:

"**'Facktative'** *is nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise.* . . . **I have personally used this restorative . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish.**"—(HYGEIA) *Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty."*

Remarkable results follow this method.

Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this. When the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and scrub it as hard as you can. Not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair, and not a dye or stain.

IMPROVES HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Besides restoring the lost colour, this treatment improves and tones up your hair in every way.

It removes all accumulations of Scurf or Dandruff.

It invigorates and vitalises the hair and promotes a strong, luxuriant growth.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger, and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of **"Facktative"** *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the* **"FACKTATIVE" Co. (Suite 87), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE.

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write to-day to the **"Facktative" Co.** (Suite 87), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dyes or stains.

Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

Amazing secret of lovely abundant Hair!

BEAUTIFUL, rich, lustrous, *WAVY* hair will positively be yours if you use Lavona Hair Tonic. This wonderful liquid does not merely grow hair—it grows it healthy, radiant, wavy, beautiful: so lovely as to transform an average woman into a feminine delight . . . . such is the power of lovely hair, helped by the magic of Lavona! This tonic is *guaranteed* to rejuvenate your hair, to restore its colour, to rid you of dandruff and, generally, to make your hair really beautiful. Here's just one user's opinion:

"*I am writing to let you know what I think of Lavona Hair Tonic. I got a small bottle last week and used it regularly night and morning, and now I can hardly believe it is my own hair, and it is quite its natural colour now. I think Lavona Hair Tonic marvellous.*" Just get a 2/11 package from the chemist's and try it. There's a guarantee coupon with it (as well as a Gift Shampoo), and if you're not in every way delighted with results you can have your money back. No woman who cares for her appearance will neglect such an offer.

Within the golden drops of Lavona Hair Tonic lies the secret of real, lasting, natural hair-beauty—this is guaranteed.

THE GREAT TOILET COMFORT

A PERFECT DRY DEODORANT AND ABSORBENT

The Powder for the Powder Bowl.

The Super-Ta.cum.

MARSANTA is an indispensable toilet necessity that every lady would welcome on her dressing-table if she knew its actual intrinsic worth and the unspeakable bodily comfort obtainable from its use. Nothing hitherto known in toilet chemistry could instantly and lastingly obviate ALL the unpleasant odours caused by

PERSPIRATION.

Lotions, Creams, Pastes, etc., have failed to do more than modify an admitted evil.

"MARSANTA" (Poudre de Santé)

however, does actually and does fully all that is claimed for it. It is the most effective, convenient, and at the same time harmless and pleasant means yet discovered for correcting all the discomfort and annoyance to which perspiration can give rise. Marsanta is a perfect deodorant and absorbent, prevents all tendency to chafing, keeps the user sweet, fresh, and comfortable under the most trying circumstances. It is an indispensable toilet necessity to the active woman, and especially to the sportswoman, and for hot climates it is a perfect boon.

Marsanta is put up in boxes, prices **2/9, 3/9** and **4/9**, delicately perfumed with otto of rose, or plain, as preferred. Obtainable at all Boots Branches, Harrods, Selfridges, D. H. Evans, Shoolbreds, etc. All chemists will obtain on request if not in stock, or sent post free, in plain wrapper from:

(Dept. 2)

MARSHALL & CO., 70a, BASINGHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

MAYZONE

EXCELLENT HAIR TONIC

ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR FALLING HAIR AND DANDRUFF.
ALSO TONES UP FADING HAIR.

Oily and Non-Oily. Prices: **4/6** *and* **8/6**
Mayzone de Luxe, **14/6**

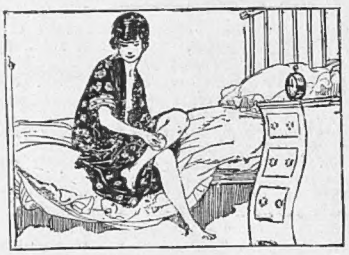
To be obtained at leading Stores and Chemists, and

BOX 3, 48 BROOK STREET, LONDON, W.

the *salons* are remarkable for their restful atmosphere and luxurious comfort, yet quite moderate charges on a fixed scale are the rule.

Keeping Young

Signs of advancing age can be read only too surely in the lines which appear at the corners of the eyes, the mouth, in stringiness of the throat or double chins and in sagging face muscles generally. Elizabeth Eve, the famous beauty specialist, has invented a system of facial exercise which develops the muscles by making them



USING THE VACO REDUCING CUP

A simple and effective device for getting rid of superfluous flesh

firmer and stronger. Her invention eradicates wrinkles and cures sagging muscles by removing their cause, and after a course of her treatment the neck and chin will regain their former beauty. These exercises can be taught personally or by correspondence. The latter is a specially good method, because, with the correspondence course, the pictures and instructions are always available for reference. For further particulars you should write to Elizabeth Eve, 55, Berners Street, W. 1.

Improving the Figure

In these days of slim figures and neat ankles, the woman who is a little bit too plump is at a considerable disadvantage. She cannot, in the first place, dress fashionably because the slim-fitting fashions do not suit her, superfluous fat also is unhealthy, as any physician will say. At her *salons* at 32, Buckingham Palace Road, Elvira, the well-known beauty specialist, gives expert treatment for figure reduction and doing away with the double chin. Thick ankles are also cured by her treatment, which, moreover, has the beneficial results of reducing superfluous weight and promoting a good physical condition.

For Falling Hair

Contrary to the general impression, it is more than important in these days of shingling and bobbing that women's hair should be of luxuriant growth. Successful shingling cannot be accomplished when the hair is thin and dull looking, because for it to look well there must be a luxuriant growth of the hair, although it is cut quite short on the nape of the neck. You want to check excessive falling out of the hair, or lasting harmful results may arise. "Mayzone" is a splendid remedy. It is a tonic which promotes hair growth, prevents hair splitting at the ends, and arrests its falling. It does more, it preserves the colour of the hair and wards off greyness. It has very much the effect also of a dry shampoo, keeping the hair clean and in good condition. You can buy it at the large stores and leading chemists. The head London department is at 48, Brook Street, W.

THE GABY PERMANENT WAVER

It can be used in your own home and gives a most natural wave

For the Toilet

The well-groomed woman is always daintily particular in regard to the adjuncts of her toilet, and in this connection, the claims of that wonderful preparation, "Poudre Marsanta," should not be overlooked. It is a preparation which effectively obviates the unpleasant odour of perspiration with which in a greater or lesser degree many are afflicted. Perfumes, powders, lotions have failed to do more than modify an admitted evil. "Poudre Marsanta" does, however, fully all that is claimed for it. It is, moreover, easy and pleasant to use, absolutely harmless to the skin, and does not clog the pores. In hot climates it is practically indispensable, and the woman leaving for India or the tropics will always find it advisable to take a good supply of it out with her. This is one of the many specialities sold by Marshall and Co., toilet chemists, 70a, Basinghall Street, E.C.2.

As good as a Daily Massage!

You can obtain from Boots', Harrods', Barkers', Selfridge's, Army & Navy Stores, Civil Service Stores, Lewis & Burrows', and all High-class Hairdressers, Stores and Chemists, or direct (post free) from:

Mason Pearson Selling Agency, 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. 1.

YOU cannot expect to have rich, glossy hair if your scalp is not thoroughly healthy and free from dandruff.

We guarantee that *the Mason Pearson Hair Brush* will effectually remove all dandruff after a few brushings. The Wild-Boar bristles and the springy pneumatic rubber cushion of the Mason Pearson Brush make the daily brushing of the hair as enjoyable, and as beneficial, as a daily massage.

Buy a Mason Pearson Brush — *the original rubber cushion hair brush*—and say good-bye to hair worries.

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE HANDLE

Made in four grades: "Junior" 7/6, "Popular" 10/6, "Standard" 15/-, and "Extra" 18/6.

MASON PEARSON
London England

£500 IN CASH PRIZES

Wonderful Permanent Waving (AT HOME)

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL OF THE NOVEL, SIMPLE & EFFICIENT GABY PERSONAL OUTFIT

Here is a Special 30-days' Offer by which every woman can try the unique and convenient "Gaby" At-Home Permanent Waver in the privacy of her own room *entirely free of any financial risk.* **For if the "Gaby" Outfit fails to produce the rich, luxurious,** *lasting* **waves you desire, your money will be refunded in full on your return of the Outfit. It is perfectly simple for any woman to obtain delightful natural-looking waves or curls with this "Gaby" At-Home Outfit. Remember, it is bought** *"on approval"* **What can add more to the pleasure of the dance than knowing that you are "looking your best"—crowned by the glory of a "Gaby" Permanent Wave! The only outfit in the world sold under a guarantee of money back if not satisfied.** *Post Free from the Inventors and Sole Manufacturers,*

Free Booklet

Write To-day for the Free Fascinating Booklet and particulars of the Free Trial Outfit also £500 in Cash Prizes.

SEND NO MONEY.

Gaby's

(Under Royal Patronage)

5, BLENHEIM ST., BOND ST. (Dept. B), LONDON, W.1
Two lines, Telephone: Mayfair 5500.
Also 2, Harrow Road, W.1.

AVERAGE SALON PRICES { Both Side Pieces 7/6 Front.....£1·10·6 } Whole Head (or "Bobbie") 2/- Per Wave or Curl.